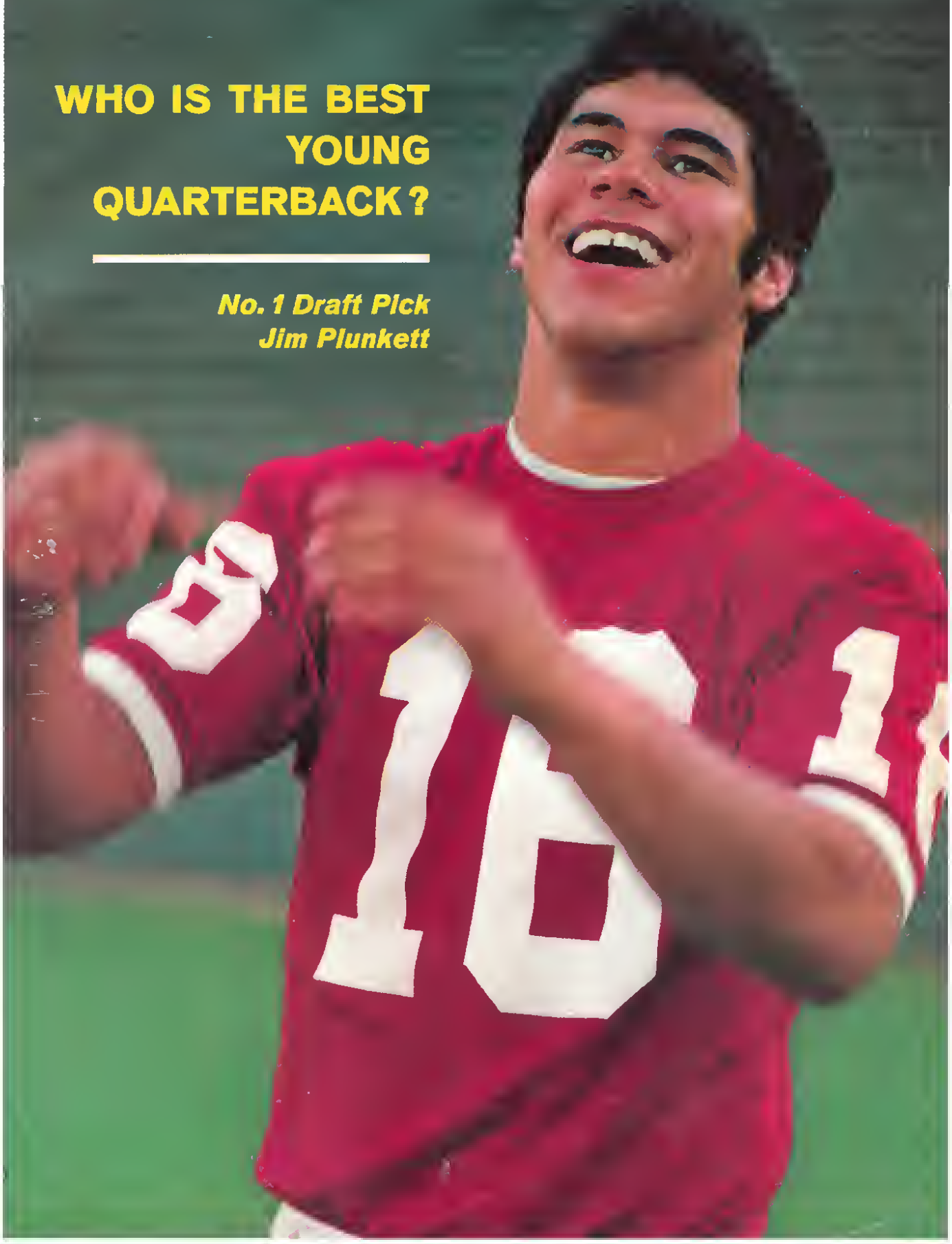
Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 15, 1971 60 CENTS

WHO IS THE BEST YOUNG QUARTERBACK?

No. 1 Draft Pick
Jim Plunkett



This is Formula 1. The world's finest motor-racing. Its elegant excitement lasts the whole race through. And it doesn't have to end with the checkered flag.

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Limited time only."



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky and Bols Liqueur 60°
Brown Forman Distillers Corp. At Louisville in Kentucky © 1971





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...unmatched in KICK ZONE power!

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Schematic stop action drawing



1 *Club head approaching KICK ZONE*

2 *Contact with ball*

3 *KICK ZONE Action*

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But with these radios, you also get something to talk about.

SONY'S Visual Radios.



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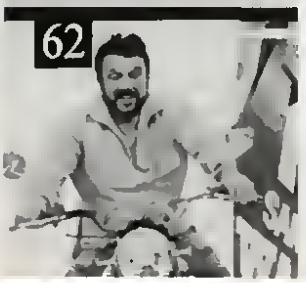












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Next week

A PREVIEW of the 1972 Winter Olympics at Sapporo in northern Japan—skiing, skating, everything—is offered by William Johnson and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED photographers.

SCOTCH PLAID Kenny Buchanan brings his colorful trunks and sharp punches to Los Angeles to defend his lightweight title against tough KO artist Mando Ramos.

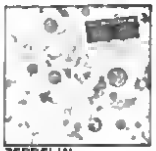
WEDGE HOGS is what their inferiors call the body surfers who ride the 20-foot waves at a very special California beach. A chronicle of a very hairy pastime by Curry Kirkpatrick.

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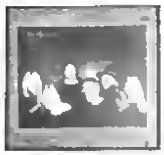
42784 STEPHEN STILLS
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



42782 DEREK & THE DOMINOS Layla
(2 records) Atco LP



43872 SPANKY & OUR GANG Live
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



42779 ALLMAN BROS. BAND Idlewild South
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



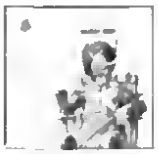
66625 LENA & GABOR
Watch What Happens
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



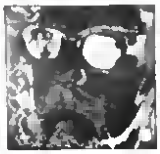
42770 IRON BUTTERFLY Metamorphosis
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



67511 STEPPENWOLF 7
Dunhi LP, 8 TR, CASS



12121 3 CENTURIES OF MILITARY MUSIC
Pirou LP, 8 TR, CASS



66671 RARE EARTH
Ecology
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



44753 TRAFFIC John Barleycorn Must Die
UniAr LP, 8 TR, CASS



67512 EMITT RHODES
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65784 MELANIE
Leftover Wine
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



38364 CANNED HEAT
Future Blues
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38358 VIRI CARR
Nashville By Carr
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67510 THREE DOG NIGHT Naturally
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12286 DUSCHENES RECORDER QUARTET
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44378 PAUL MAURIAT
Gone Is Love
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



44745 BOBBY GOLDSBORO Greatest Hits
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



21537 TCHAIKOVSKY
1812 Overture
Vox LP



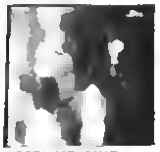
39095 BUDDY RICH
Buddy & Soul
WorPa LP, 8TR, CASS



42745 WOODSTOCK
Soundtrack
(3 records) Cotil LP



30622 TEMPTATIONS
Greatest Hits Vol. 2
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS



65779 MELANIE
Candles In The Rain
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



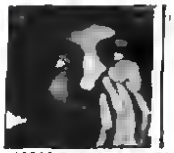
21513 DVORAK
New World Symphony
Vox LP



31787 MAMAS & PAPAS
16 Greatest Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



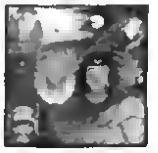
44381 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH. English Muffins
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



42765 ROBERTA FLACK
Chapter Two
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



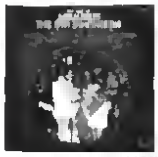
33077 JOAN BAEZ
One Day at A Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42769 KING CRIMSON
Wake of Poseidon
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



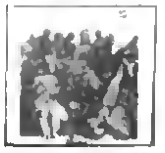
66703 CURTIS MAYFIELD Curtis
Curto LP, 8TR, CASS



39071 5TH DIMENSION
Age of Aquarius
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS



38367 SUGARLOAF
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



28082 TREASURY OF GREGORIAN CHANT
Turna LP



44712 MIDNIGHT COWBOY Soundtrack
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



30628 JACKSON 5
Third Album
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



65775 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL
RamSu LP, 8TR, CASS



31494 BOOTS RANDOLPH Boots With Brass
Monum LP, 8TR, CASS



39089 5th DIMENSION
Greatest Hits
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS



44758 FERRANTE & TEICHER Love Is A Soft Touch
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

21571 CHOPIN
Polanaises
VOX LP

42704 CROSBY STILLS NASH & YOUNG
Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

38373 IKE & TINA TURNER Workin' Together
Liber LP, 8 TR, CASS

48794 BEVERLY SILLS
Sings Mozart & Strauss
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

42768 ARETHA FRANKLIN Spirit In The Dark
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

30635 DIANA ROSS
Everything Is Everything
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

38773 DENNIS YOST & CLASSICS IV
Golden Greats
Imper LP, 8TR, CASS

44746 DUKE ELLINGTON 70th Birthday Concert
(2 record set) SelSt LP

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HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

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$4.98 LPs average as low as $2.00
$5.98 LPs average as low as $2.27
Savings of 62% or more from recent Club sales up to $3.71 per LP. Start these giant savings now . . . not after you fulfill your obligation like the other clubs.

	Label	List Price	Average Club Price
Creedence Clearwater Revivel —Pendulum	Fanta	4.98	2.00
Ten Years After—Watt	Deram	5.98	2.27
Anne Murray—Snowbird	Capit	4.98	2.00
Tom Jones—I Who Have Nothing	Parro	5.98	2.27
The Andy Williams Show	Colum	5.98	2.27
Judy Collins—Whales & Nightingales	Elekt	5.98	2.27
Bob Dylan—New Morning	Colum	5.98	2.27
Gordon Lightfoot—Sit Down Young Stranger	Repri	4.98	2.00
Henry Mancini—Plays Theme From Love Story	Victo	4.98	2.00

NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT, TOO!

AT LAST A RECORD AND TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

Ordinary record and tape clubs make you choose from a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year—usually at list price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you an item you don't want and a bill for $4.98, $5.98, $6.98, or $7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

BUT RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA ENDS ALL THAT!

We're the largest **all-label** record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes), including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33⅓%. You get best sellers for as low as 99¢.

NO AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS

With our Club there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LPs or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). **We send only what you order.**

HOW CAN WE BREAK ALL RECORD AND TAPE CLUB RULES?

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED . . . NOT CONTROLLED . . . NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are not obliged by company policy to push any one label. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments from offering the very newest LP's and tapes.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY MEMBERSHIP OFFER

Join RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA now and take advantage of this special **Introductory Membership Offer.** Choose any 3 LPs or any 1 tape shown here (worth up to $20.94) and mail coupon with check or money order for $5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing fee for your free LPs or tapes will be sent later. **If you can't find 3 LPs or 1 tape here, you can defer your selection and choose from expanded list later.** This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. Your savings have already more than made up for the nominal membership fee.

NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT

If you prefer, you may charge your membership to one of your credit cards. We honor four different plans. Check your preference and fill-in your account number on the coupon.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

- **FREE Lifetime Membership Card** – guarantees you brand new LPs and tapes at discounts up to 79%. Never less than ⅓ off.
- **FREE Giant Master LP and Tape Catalog**—lists all readily available LPs and tapes (cartridges and cassettes) of **all labels** (including foreign) . . . **all musical categories.**
- **FREE Disc and Tape Guide** – The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- **FREE ANY 3 Stereo LPs or any 1 Tape** shown here (worth up to $20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

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All LPs and tapes ordered by members are shipped same day received (orders from the Master Catalog may take a few days longer). ALL RECORDS AND TAPES GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

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If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be returned AT ONCE! Join over one million budget-wise record and tape collectors now.

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3 FREE LPs

☐ ☐ ☐

or **1 FREE TAPE**

☐ ☐ 8 track ☐ cassette

or ☐ **Defer Selection**—send expanded list

I enclose $5.00 covering my lifetime membership.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All Servicemen write Soc. Sec. # _____

CHARGE IT to my credit card. I am charging my $5.00 membership (mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected will be added).

Check one: ☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard

Acct. # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

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RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club

Save $30 on something you don't need right now.

Air conditioning is probably the furthest thing from your mind right now, but in a few months you'll wish you had one of those wonderful little boxes that turn sweltering rooms into cool paradises.

Well, if you act right now, you can get one for about $30 less than it'll cost you then.

And these aren't last year's leftovers we're talking about. But brand new 1971 Whirlpool air conditioners.

There's the 9500 BTU (115 volt) unit for only $199.95* — with Insta-Mount so you can install it yourself.

And the larger 21,000 BTU model for $289.95* — with our famous Panic Button for cooling off the hottest places extra fast.

No matter which one you choose, you'll get a decorator panel that not only looks good but muffles sound as well. An air exhaust that gets the stale air out. And an air-directional control to direct the air wherever you want it.

True, you may feel a little foolish buying an air conditioner right now. But in a few months, when everybody's paying more than you did, you'll feel absolutely brilliant.

Whirlpool



*Prices optional with dealer. Includes one year service.



You're home with Magnavox.

Nice things still come in small packages. This is a complete Magnavox home entertainment center. Color TV and a splendid stereo phonograph plus stereo FM/AM radio. All fitted into that trim 34 x 56 inch armoire to save precious floor space. The television has Magnavox TAC (Total Automatic Color) for a perfect color picture all the time. And listen: This and most other exquisite Magnavox models are on sale right now at participating Magnavox dealers—offering you substantial savings. (It's your money, why not save some?) We repeat: You're home with Magnavox.

Move now! Buy your magnificent Magnavox during our factory-sponsored Annual Sale!

MUSTANG Ford



Mustang. It's a personal thing.



Like anything that lets you be yourself.

It happens every time. Get into a Mustang and something gets into you.

Is it because Mustang has more rooflines than all its competitors? A choice of six different engines?

Or is it because Mustang offers so many options to select from—so many ways to make it uniquely, totally personal?

Is it something simple, like an instrument panel that gives you organized information for a change?

Is it the proud new profile of this Mach I? Is it the NASA-type hood scoops and competition suspension you get at no extra cost?

No. Mustang is more. It's greater than the sum of its parts. It's something you have to discover. Like yourself.

Your Ford Dealer will help you make Mustang an original creation.

Ford gives you better ideas. (A better idea for safety: Buckle up.)

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

BENDED KNEE AT INTERSKI

All over Europe it had been spring since Christmas and nobody in Bavaria's Garmisch-Partenkirchen could remember such a mild and almost snowless winter. Still, the show must go on, so the tri-annual Interski congress was held there, as scheduled, last month.

Interski congresses bring together teams of ski instructors from a number of countries to give each other demonstrations of their latest refinements of styles. This year, while a crew of 40 worked day and night to keep a thousand-foot-long T-bar hill passably covered with snow, 22 teams took part. It quickly became obvious, however, that nobody was going to make the kind of splash that Austria's skiing guru, Professor Stefan Kruckenhauser, made at the 1955 Interski when he introduced *Wedeln*.

Although they all have different names, the skiing styles of the early 1970s promise to look pretty much the same in every country. In Garmisch the Austrian demonstrators squatted low and called it "retraction," the French squatted low and called it "letting down," the Germans squatted low and called it "absorption" and the Americans squatted low and called it "Phase II." One piece of advice came out of all this for ski instructors. No more talk about shoulder or arm positions: now it's all in the legs. Please to bend ze knees—more than ever.

The Interski ended with a 15-kilometer cross-country race for everybody. Nine hundred skiers took off in four mass starts on tracks that looked like Bavarian cow paths. In addition, the racers had to stop for trains, tractors and—sure enough—cows being led to pasture. It was the wrong time for an Interski congress in Bavaria.

BIG DEAL

There were those who felt sorry for George Allen when he was fired from the Los Angeles Rams. But the terms of Allen's new contract with the Washington Redskins have come to light in Melvin Durslag's syndicated column and it would seem that the only items George wasn't promised were the Lincoln Memorial and 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Here's what he got:

"A $25,000 bonus for signing.

"A salary of $125,000 a year for seven years.

"A home for which the club will pay up to $150,000. Payments on the principal will be made each month by the club. Interest will be paid by Allen. At the time the home is sold, any appreciation will go to Allen. Depreciation will be sustained by the club.

"Incentive bonuses each year of $5,000 for getting to the divisional playoff, $10,000 more for getting to the conference championship and $15,000 more for getting to the Super Bowl.

"A car and a driver.

"A $250,000 life insurance policy during the tenure of his contract.

"A generous expense account.

"Traveling expenses for visiting his family in Los Angeles until June, when the family will move to Washington.

"Hotel expenses in Washington until June.

"Moving expenses for family and furniture from Los Angeles to D.C.

"Six weeks of vacation.

"Permission to keep all revenue from radio, TV and advertising endorsements.

"Complete supervision of the team, answerable only to the president and the board of directors.

"An option to purchase 5% of the stock for $500,000 pending the outcome of litigation brought by the heirs of the late George Preston Marshall against the club. (This option would be voided if the heirs are ruled entitled to the Marshall stock.)"

That's all.

STANDOFF

When Billy Casper bought a fishing-tackle business in San Diego a friend advised him that every time he goes fishing it will add a day to his life—an adage that old fishermen firmly believe. That seemed a bargain to Casper, who reasoned: "Every time you play a round of competitive golf, a day is subtracted. It's a tie."

PEDALS AWEIGH

Latest to join the cycle set are the seamen aboard the 250,000-ton *Cambria*, a supertanker owned by Jersey Standard's British subsidiary, Esso Petroleum.

The vessel is 1,140 feet long, which is about 4⅕ city blocks. Since the crew's



quarters are in the stern and the working part of the tanker is forward, the seamen bike to work, especially when needed in a hurry.

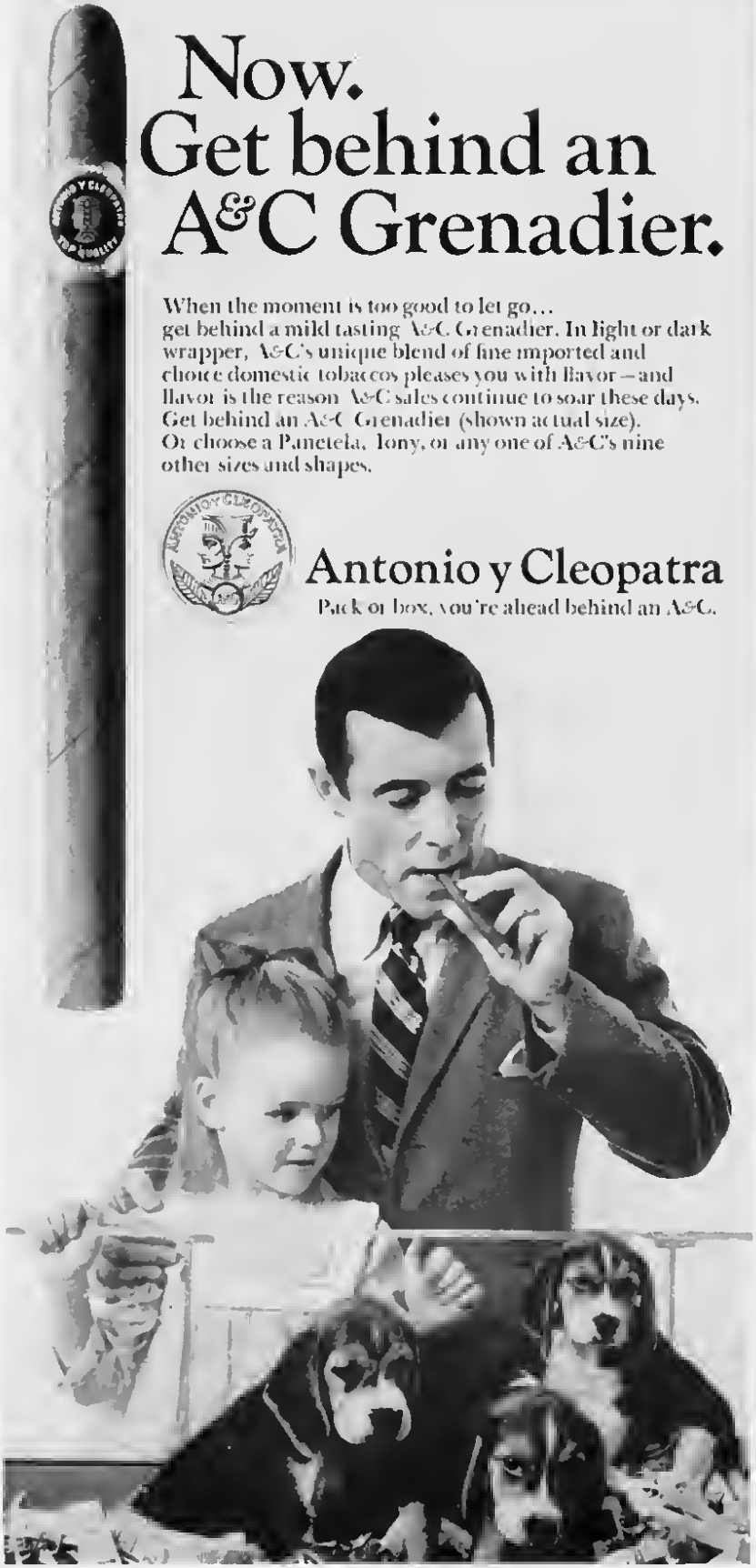
Not as much exercise as jogging, but better than waiting for a bus.

ANATOMY OF AN ATHLETE

Anyone who ever watched a pigeon run might disagree, but Tommy Prothro, who resigned recently as football coach at UCLA to take charge of the Los Angeles Rams, has revived the old theory that pigeon-toed athletes make superior runners.

"When I see a boy walking onto a football field who is pigeon-toed or who walks off a wide base—by that I mean there's a foot or so between his feet in a normal walking stride or perhaps more when he's running—then that boy gets a long look," Prothro said the other day. "In fact, I look for those types and I've told everyone who has ever worked with me to look for those types. I've even been known to stop a boy on campus if he has that characteristic and I haven't seen him on the football field.

continued



"When you look at most runners, the feet go out a little bit and they're really gripping the ground only with the big toe and the one next to it.

"The pigeon-toed guy toes his foot in and all five toes are dug in, giving him a strong base, more strength in running, greater power and also more speed. Now if you couple a pigeon-toed runner with a man with an extra wide base you have something going for you."

Then there is the matter of necks. In Prothro's first season at Oregon State, the late Slats Gill was head basketball coach.

"I remember when Slats was talking about a prospect," Prothro says, "and someone told him that a boy was so tall. 'Does he have a long neck or a short neck?' Slats asked, and then he pointed out that a basketball player who was tall with a long neck wouldn't play as big as a boy who was equally tall with a short neck."

Now, if we could just breed for boys who are tall, short-necked and pigeon-toed, records will fall all over the place.

RELATIVITY IN THE SNOW

Starting a fire with a $20 bill is not necessarily an extravagant gesture. Few men can command insouciance when they are confronted with freezing to death.

What happened was that two Minnesota Viking pals, Defensive End Jim Marshall and Tackle Paul Dickson, went on a snowmobiling expedition at Beartooth Pass, Wyo. under extremely adverse conditions. Somehow the group of 16 decided it was all right to set out while a blizzard threatened.

Hugh Galusha, president of the Minneapolis Federal Reserve Bank, died of exposure and fatigue. All snow machines conked out. Among those who started walking were Marshall and Dickson. From noon on Saturday until 2:30 a.m. Sunday they walked. Then they stopped in a tree-sheltered spot. Marshall started a fire with five $1 bills, added some candy wrappers, his billfold and checkbook. To keep the fire going, Dickson tossed in some $20 bills.

"Money didn't mean anything," Marshall said. "You can't beat nature with money."

Earlier in the trip Marshall's machine had gone over a cliff and almost rolled on top of him. He fell about 30 feet, then was able to grab a rock just in advance of a 2,000-foot drop. He was pulled

back to safety. Eventually, teams found and rescued them.

A veteran parachute jumper, sky diver and scuba diver, Marshall found the experience "the toughest thing I ever encountered in my life."

Who would argue?

LANGUAGE BARRIER BREACHED

Around the Western Athletic Conference they say that Brigham Young's big new center, Kresimir Cosic, responds to foul calls in an outspoken way. But since Cosic, the all-world center from the Yugoslavian Olympic team, lets off steam in his native tongue, no harm is done.

Except that the conference has an official named Rudy Marich, a stockbroker from Greeley, Colo. When Marich called a foul on Cosic recently, and Cosic shouted something that might have been, "Aw, your mother wears Serbian army boots," Marich came right back at him in Yugoslavian.

Serbs him right.

NO LONGER ONE WAY

Students nowadays, as those before them, are addressing themselves to courses pertinent to their personal interests. Well, Paul Pfau of St. Mary's College in California may have found a little more than he bargained for. As part of a psychology class project designed to measure stress conditions in an environmental and psychological context, he ran 120 miles through Death Valley. In another part of the experiment the 21-year-old senior apparently became the first to run Death Valley from north to south, a feat others have avoided for excellent reasons. By the route Pfau took, the last 15 miles is all uphill, going from 200 feet below sea level to 3,000 feet above. The outcome was that Pfau satisfied his course requirements—as well as some personal ones—and may have set a course record to boot, except that records for the run are not kept. Not bad, though, even if it was not a phys-ed class.

MULLIGAN ON THE MOON

By slamming a couple of golf balls on the moon and thereby becoming the first lunar golfer, Astronaut Alan B. Shepard picked up a couple of extra awards. For missing on his first swing and taking a mulligan, Shepard won a lifetime membership in the U.S. Duffers Association, headed by Bailey Root of Newport, Ky.

continued



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Root also awarded Shepard the presidency of the Duffers' moon chapter.

MOTIVATION

Some college football coaches have long advocated a national collegiate championship each fall and Earle Edwards of North Carolina State was one of the originators of the idea. Now he has become president of the American Football Coaches Association. He has not dropped the plan but has given it a new twist.

Why not, he asks, have something like Notre Dame vs. Nebraska on national television on the first Saturday of each May?

"It would be fine for football, coming in on a slack period of the sports schedule," he says, disposing casually of the Kentucky Derby, NBA playoffs, Stanley Cup and major league baseball, not to mention assorted golf tournaments and track meets. "You would take two teams that wound up the previous season with strong support for the national championship," Edwards continues. "Penn State and Texas a year ago, Nebraska and Notre Dame this past year. You'd play the game at the end of spring practice on one of the campuses. Graduating seniors would not be eligible, freshmen would."

In other words, you would start a whole new season. As for the reason, it's money.

"The competing teams would share the money with the coaches association," Edwards explained.

THEY SAID IT

• Billy Cannon, Heisman Trophy winner and former LSU great, on old pro George Blanda: "If you could cut up his heart and distribute it among 11 rookies, you'd have the best team in the country."

• Jimmy Carr, Philadelphia Eagles defensive coach, who went into the pros from Morris Harvey College, on how much easier it is now for a small-college player to get a reputation than in his day: "When I went to the pros and asked for a tryout, they thought Morris Harvey was a cafeteria like Horn & Hardart."

• Peter O'Malley, president of the Los Angeles Dodgers, asked what he would do if he could do anything he wanted to: "I would talk Sandy Koufax out of retirement." **END**

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FOOTLOOSE

What a famous actor likes best about Las Vegas is it lets you stay indoors

I was once asked to write a travel article about Norway and, of course, I had to say no. I suppose there are people who enjoy those roofless grottoes and the midnight sun that never seems to get up high enough, but for me there is a limit to the simple life, and that limit is often exceeded around the Arctic Circle. The scenery is magnificent, and when I was making a picture there I was never allowed to forget it. There was always someone at my elbow reminding me how much he was enjoying the vista and expecting me to do the same.

If not Norway, then, where would I choose to go on holiday? Right now? Right this minute, tomorrow or the day after? The answer for me is always the same—Las Vegas. And so is the reason—gambling. The man who doesn't gamble has not been born. Life is contrived in such a way that to gamble is as necessary for survival as to breathe. People who profess to despise the more overt forms of gambling, like roulette or marriage, may find that Vegas is not the place for them. It is, however, the place for me.

When I first went there in the '30s, Las Vegas consisted of a couple of saloons at a crossroads leading to the silver mines, and for the first time I watched silver dollars being thrown around by men who kept their safety helmets on at the bar. It was a hideous little town. It was also attractive. Today it is still the ugliest, most attractive resort in the world.

Uniformly grotesque, improbably named and almost indistinguishable from one another, the hotels in Vegas are spaced at nicely judged distances so that to travel between them except by taxicab is uncomfortable. There is nothing to choose between the Stardust and the Thunderbird, The Dunes and Caesars Palace. They are all ugly, extremely comfortable, expertly staffed around the clock, scrupulously clean and air-conditioned. Each has a pool compulsorily vacated by the guests at 7 o'clock, a restaurant in which one can hear Frank Sinatra or Dean Martin or Tom Jones, and a casino that never closes and in which crap tables, blackjack dealers and roulette wheels are all assembled in a mathematical ratio.

As in all deserts, great importance is attached to drink, and most men and some women carry a glass in their hands when moving around the hotel or walking to their cars. They are not encouraged to take them with them into the swimming pools, but often do. Carrying a glass in his hands reminds an American that he is on a holiday, and to be with Americans on holidays is why I go to Las Vegas. It is a little like hell, too, and I like to be reminded of the hell on earth in which most of us survive.

—ROBERT MORLEY

YESTERDAY

The Great Race on Stilts

by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

They still talk about it in the bistros of Bordeaux almost 80 years afterward. In the country cafés where they drink the new, raw wine of the local vineyards, someone is sure to start telling again how it was in that May week of 1892; how somebody's grandfather tottered at five miles an hour on his stilts to that very spot, paused long enough to drain his seventh brandy of the morning, took three more long strides and collapsed to the ground under the combined stress of exercise and alcohol; how the great-aunt of that fellow at the next table covered no fewer than 20 miles in a brisk afternoon's stilting and then went home to cook dinner as if nothing had happened.

Les Landes is the name given to a large flat expanse of the southwest of France, stretching roughly from Bordeaux to Biarritz alongside the Bay of Biscay. Its soil is sandy and agriculturally almost useless. A few pine trees flourish there, but otherwise the ground is given over to sheep, to heather and to scrubby bushes. Through most of its history, the undrained lagoons and marshes of Les Landes made normal walking impossible. To get over the ditches and through the water—and to be able to herd their flocks among the scrub and protect them against predatory wolves—the local shepherds wore stilts that elevated them as much as four extra feet above ground. They were handy as well for those who made their living gathering resin (for turpentine) from the high pines of the area. In the 4,600 square miles of Les Landes, the average countryman probably spent as much time on stilts as a Texas ranchhand spent on horseback.

The great, home-hewn ash poles were kept on hooks attached to the beams of cottage ceilings and could be mounted with ease by sitting on the mantelpiece, or with more difficulty from ground level. The walker lashed the stilts to his upper legs by cloth or leather bindings called *arroumères*, and thus left his hands free. He carried a third and longer pole as a balance, and when stationary he could prop his back on it to provide a firm tripod while he watched over the sheep. On his back he carried a little satchel, the *baluchon*, in which he kept food, animal medicines and the materials needed for knitting the footless stockings peculiar to the district.

Long before the New York press invented contests to promote circulation, the French papers were doing the same thing by organizing races. They organized road races on foot, on bicycles, on horses, even in the novel motorcar. In 1892 the proprietors of Bordeaux's daily paper, *La Petite Gironde*, were desperate for new, dramatic, circulation-building ideas that had not been tried. Someone seriously suggested a race among those who could walk on their hands. But it wasn't until some journalist noticed two peasants stilting at top speed toward Bordeaux that the final great idea took shape.

A preliminary suggestion, published in *La Petite Gironde*, brought a flood of interest, including hundreds of suggestions on the way the affair should be organized. The length of the course was not decided until long after the principle of the stilt race was established. At first, the newspaper contemplated a few brisk miles out and back. Some of the expert stilt men, however, disdainfully intimated that they couldn't be bothered. Then the course was fixed from Bordeaux to Bayonne and return, a round trip of 474 kilometers. Hardly had that been settled and published when the officialdom of Biarritz complained that their tourist season would be busy and their visitors would not want to miss the spectacle—so an extra 16 kilometers to Biarritz must certainly be included. The final route was set at a grueling 490 kilometers, or 305 miles: the estimated time needed was 8½ days—nonstop.

"What, men only?" shrieked a formidable bunch of *bergères*, *résinières* and other womenfolk well accustomed to traveling by the traditional Landais method. "Why leave us out?" "Because," the men replied shrewdly, "if we let you race, our families will starve; who will cook for them?"

As a compromise, a ladies' race was fixed as a mere one-day affair over 37 miles, which would get all the contestants home in time to perform their evening alchemy.

Never can sports promoters have been so gratified by a response: the newspaper itself was putting up prizes of 1,000 francs (then $170) and a gold medal for the winner, and appropriately less valuable sums and medals for the runners-up. But local and national organizations and merchants were not to be outdone: *everyone* who completed the course would be awarded some kind of a medal. Towns and villages along the route designed their own trophies for presentation to passing competitors. Watchmakers, bootmakers and hatters all proffered their wares to winners. There was a prize for the oldest competitor to finish and another for the youngest; a host of special awards for the women; and, naturally, a booby prize for the man who came in last.

Never before had the folk of Les Landes been treated to such an event. Before long, heavy betting broke out. The three competitors most favored were Jean Lafont, a paper-mill worker from Ste.-Eulalie; Pierre Deycard, a woodcutter of Salles; and a little 21-year-old house painter named Antoine Dugrand, who, although under five feet in height, was known to have the strength of an ox and a giant determination not to be beaten.

While the populace waited for the event, prospective racers unhooked their favorite stilts from the beams and went into serious training; they held short rehearsal races around the villages, perfecting techniques and equipment. Rubber sockets were fitted to the butts of stilts to deaden the shock of the hard road; special chafe-proof bindings were devised to stand up to a hundred hours of wear.

At 9:22 on the morning of May 26 a pistol was fired, and 69 male competitors strode, with their storklike two-yard paces, south from the center of Bordeaux. One minute later the 18 women racers followed, along the same route. One fell immediately but remounted without difficulty. Wearing simple bonnets or elaborate flower hats with veils, they did their best to present a picture of femininity, despite the obvious handicaps. The day was

continued

hot, and unladylike perspiration affected every competitor. Perhaps Mlle. Marie Pascal of Lanton, who strode home an easy winner, was particularly gratified when she received one of the many extra prizes—a case of soap.

In the meantime, the men were striding ahead. First, along the stone cobbles of the *pavé*; then, farther out into the country, along dirt roads, through shady avenues of tall poplar and sycamore, and past vineyards and villages with thirstmaking wine names like Graves, Barsac and Sauternes. From almost every café, the aproned proprietor walked out with a tray bearing glasses of the local product for the sustenance of the weary stilt racers, who reached downward, quaffed quickly and strode on to the next checkpoint.

Most checkpoints were cafés, and the proud innkeepers made sure that every racer was properly fed in his establishment—thus bringing in customers from miles around to have a look. *Kilogrammes* of beef and mutton, *quintaux* of vegetables, *hectolitres* of wine—all passed easily down the parched throats of the competitors. One local delicacy was in particular evidence: *chabrol*, a broth so liberally strengthened with red wine that bowl and bottle differed hardly at all in color.

Unlike modern long-distance races, this contest was not restricted to certain daily hours or distances; if you wanted to win, you just kept going. One old man finished his 120-hour effort having enjoyed no more than eight hours of sleep.

After three days the course left the flat plain and took to hills with awkward gradients. The wear and tear on legs and feet, despite the precautions of padding, was colossal; chafes and bean-sized blisters broke out on even the most protected, and first-aid men were kept overworked at checkpoints with the application of nostrums, salves and bandages.

On the third day the racers approached the turning point—Biarritz. Hurrying to make a dramatic midway spurt, Pierre Deycard covered the last five miles into the town in a mere 55 minutes, the rubber sockets on the butts of his stilts thudding along the hard road. News of his progress filtered back to later competitors, and one resolved that if he could not win a formal prize in the race, he could at least acquire temporary fame by setting an even faster pace than Deycard. They clocked him in at Biarritz, after he'd covered five miles in 42 minutes to register a speed of seven miles per hour. There crowds of tourists lined the streets, including King Oscar II of Sweden, visiting the town for his health. Brass bands played; amateur photographers did their best to capture on glass plates the sight of a battered procession of half-exhausted men in shepherd's smocks coated with fine dust and stained with sweat and spilt wine, their wide white hats drooping sadly.

When the first stilters arrived at Dax, on the return journey, they had already covered 200 painful miles. Spectators who had backed the three favorites—Lafont, Deycard and little Antoine Dugrand—were hastily placing fresh money on an obscure peasant called Dominique Roumégoux, who for several days had held an easy and unexpected lead. Those on the spot at Dax observing Roumégoux on his arrival noticed that he bore a fixed, wan expression from lack of sleep, while his rivals strode up to the check post in high spirits, and many hastily changed their bets again. Sound students of racing form in Dax plunged heavily on a shepherd called Peyserre and laughed up the sleeves of their smocks at those who still fancied the chances of the wavering, weary Roumégoux.

Fifty-five miles—and nearly two days—further on, the field was sadly depleted as the racers stilted wearily through the village of St.-Symphorien. By then, 56-year-old Jean Gaillard, by far the oldest entrant, had already given up at Orthez, after 185 kilometers of agony. The villagers had shouted out "*A droite, à gauche, à droite, à gauche*" to cheer the old fellow on, but soon his legs could take no more. Others quit because of broken stilts, broken spirits, hunger, thirst or merely bruises and blisters. By St.-Symphorien, only 32 of the 69 starters remained in action.

Poor Roumégoux was faltering badly, and was overtaken time and again by competitors with an apparently inexhaustible supply of energy. Little Dugrand, in spite of a nasty fall, moved well up among the leaders; he kept friendly company most of the route with paper-mill worker Jean Lafont. And never far from them, still almost as trim and spruce as the day he had started, the stern-faced, mustached Pierre Deycard strode purposefully on—waving aside all offers of alcoholic stimulus and sticking strictly to black coffee.

At last the friendship between Dugrand and Lafont had to come to an end as the final long spurt for Bordeaux approached. Their strides lengthened and quickened; the dust spurted from the road as first one, then the other, drove ahead. Meanwhile, Deycard thrust stolidly—and soberly—into the lead.

It was a weary and long-drawn-out procession indeed that dragged into Bordeaux on the next day, May 30. Deycard, almost dozing on his long legs, was completing the 309-mile trip in just over 100 hours at an average speed of three miles an hour. The organizers had estimated eight days for the race: Deycard needed less than five. Sixty cyclists, hundreds of pedestrians and a brass band traveled to the suburbs of Bordeaux to meet him. Jean Lafont, the paper-mill worker from St.-Eulalie, came a close second. Four hours behind followed the stocky, 4′11″ Antoine Dugrand, to gain third place, resplendent in a scarlet waistcoat, a wet handkerchief over his head and a scarlet beret on top of that.

After the finish Pierre Deycard, his white suit and straw hat almost as spruce as when he had started, was given an immediate medical examination. "Pulse 129, heart 120 a minute," reported the doctor. "A little swelling on the right foot. Wiry, muscular man—grand type of the Landais." Prizes poured in by the dozen. The city was *en fête* with fireworks. A friendly hotel owner whisked the hero away, gave him the best suite and the services of a masseur. The facade of the hotel glowed with a thrilling novelty—it was floodlit by the enterprising Société de l'Electricité. There followed for Deycard a six-hour sleep and the best banquet the hotel could provide—including raw eggs in Madeira and many, many bowls of *chabrol*.

Other early competitors were equally lavishly treated by the city; and diminutive Antoine Dugrand earned special sympathy for a great finish in spite of his handicap.

Three years later he donned his stilts for a solo journey from Bordeaux to Paris; thence into Belgium, to Brussels; back again to Paris; and home—a round trip of 1,300 miles with an average speed of three miles an hour. Perhaps, after all, a mere 300 miles was not really his distance. **END**

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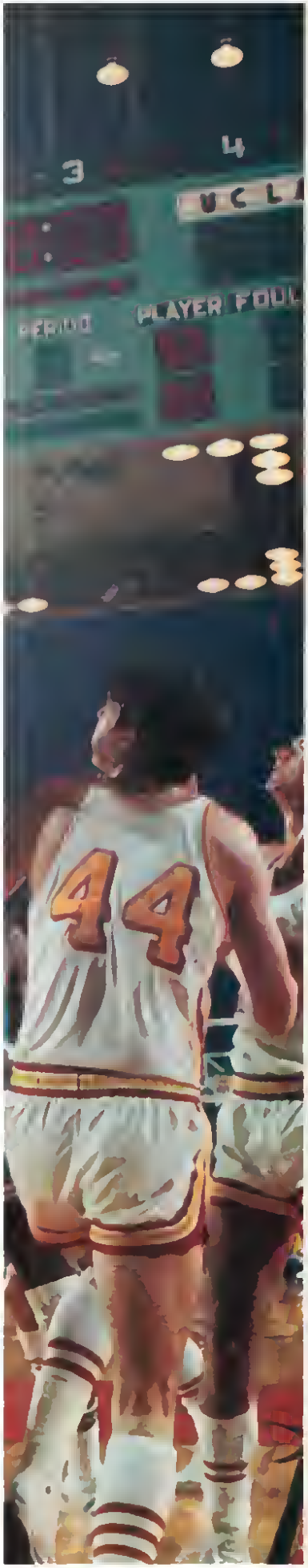
Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 15, 1971

CAMILLE GOES UNDER AGAIN

USC hoped the script had changed for the better, but when the curtain fell the poor Trojans were dead and UCLA—with Soaring Sidney Wicks—was back

by JOE JARES





For the first time in recorded history—or at least that part of it covered by the UPI poll—USC's basketball team was rated first in the country, ahead at last of UCLA, the cocky school on the other side of town that has so many national-championship banners that it uses the old ones to sop up spilled Coke in the locker room. The Trojans had won 16 and lost none; real live people were actually showing up for the games and, more startling yet, they were beginning to yell as if they cared. UCLA not only trailed in the rankings because of a loss on its record, there were rumors of dissension.

So heady was all the talk of revolution and new boys in town and evil omens that a few oldtime Trojan basketball fans filing into the Sports Arena on Saturday night permitted themselves the delicious hope that maybe this time the third act really would be rewritten. Madame Butterfly's sailor boyfriend *would* return in the nick of time to save her from hara-kiri. And a wonder drug would finally be developed to save Camille from consumption.

But USC does not beat UCLA in basketball, at least not when it counts. There is always a Bruin to steal an inbounds pass in the last seconds and go all the way for the winning basket, or a Bruin substitute who plays the game of his life, or a Trojan shot that rolls in and out. And so it was last week. Before a screaming, capacity crowd of 15,307 and a national television audience, UCLA won again 64–60, ruining the fun, ruining the dreams, ruining everything. The Bruins now have beaten USC 14 straight times at the Sports Arena and UCLA Coach John Wooden's 23-year record against the Trojans is 52-20.

Because of the high ranking of the two teams, what until recently had been only a vicious intracity rivalry suddenly was big news, like Muhammad Ali fighting anybody or Notre Dame playing in a bowl game. Much of the credit for the excitement should go to Bob Boyd, who took over as USC coach five seasons ago (the same year Lew Alcindor became eligible for the UCLA varsity) and decided his teams were not going to roll



Jack the Walrus does his thing for Trojans.

over and play dead for Wooden. USC lost four times that season, but in one of the defeats used a game-long freeze and forced UCLA into overtime before succumbing. Boyd was cursed at and spat on later as he made his way to the dressing room—and this was on his own home court.

Undaunted, Boyd tried the freeze again during Alcindor's senior year. USC had a two-point lead with four seconds to go, but UCLA's Lynn Shackelford hit a long jump shot at the buzzer to tie the game and the Bruins again won in overtime. The very next night, and in UCLA's own arena, Boyd chose to freeze a third time. The strategy finally paid off with a 46–44 victory. It was only the second loss in Alcindor's varsity career. Last spring Boyd's sophomore-dominated team upset UCLA in the next to last game of the regular season, but the Bruins already had clinched the league title and went on to win a fourth straight NCAA championship.

So Boyd was looking forward to this, his revenge season, and he had a walloping good team with which to make his point. Acrobatic Paul Westphal, whom Wooden had wanted badly, the only sophomore to have made all-Pacific Eight in 1970. Dennis (Mo) Layton from New Jersey, quick and a fine

continued

The Snake Pit sacrifices a Bruin in vain




23

outside shooter. Slick passer Dana Pagett. Boyd and most other people in town felt these three guards were better than any of UCLA's. And USC had Center Ron Riley, a skinny but effective rebounder; Forward Joe Mackey, an excellent jump shooter; and Chris Schrobilgen, a defensive specialist.

As the team rolled through its early schedule, the student body began to take notice. One group, aided by a few extroverts who were not even enrolled, decided that USC should be as tough a place to visit as any of the notorious snake pits around the country, so they named themselves the Snake Pit, bought themselves red shirts and crazy hats and began to make themselves obnoxious to opposing teams. Before Saturday Arena authorities wouldn't let them bring in the Trojan horse, which races around the Coliseum at USC football games, so one of the Pit Vipers, Jack Smiley, who weighs 355 and is known as Jack the Walrus, took on the role. He is ridden at all home games by the 120-pound coxswain from the Trojan crew.

"I think it's great that people care that much to go out and make fools of themselves," said Westphal.

As USC climbed in the polls, its trio of guards drew raves and the Snake Pit ravings. UCLA was not exactly dawdling either. Its record was 15-1, the only loss coming to Notre Dame at South Bend, and opposing coaches crowed about the front line of Steve Patterson, Curtis Rowe and Sidney Wicks—especially Wicks. There was no way, people said, that the Trojan guards could match those three monsters up front.

The disturbing note at UCLA was the lack of teamwork. Wooden worried about it publicly several times. Word leaked out that the NBA-ABA war was on the minds of the seniors and they were most concerned with what kind of juicy pro contract awaited them once they got this silly college business out of the way. At one point an agent who expects to represent Rowe in negotiations with the pros approached a Los Angeles sportswriter and told him his man was unhappy about all the "ink" Wicks was getting.

"Let's just say it will be better for college basketball when the merger is completed," said Wooden. "I think it's inevitable, and although it will hurt the great players, I think it will be better for the majority."

If UCLA's little dissensions weren't enough, certainly then the omens would do the team in. On Wednesday, Twogie, a horse named for ex-Trojan Coach Forrest Twogood, won the sixth race at Santa Anita and paid $18.60. The horse it beat in a photo finish was wearing UCLA blue-and-gold silks.

Then, on Friday night, Bob Boyd's 6′ 7″ son Bill, a senior at Crescenta Valley High, led his team to its 20th victory against no defeats. Not only that, but Bill's 23 points in the game boosted him to 1,927 for his high school career, breaking the record for the California Interscholastic Federation (southern section), which includes more than 330 schools.

(Wooden has kiddingly suggested to the Boyd family that while it is not a good thing for a father to coach his son, it is a good thing for the young man to go to college close to his home where his father can keep tabs on him. UCLA seems to be the place Wooden had in mind for young Bill, but there is no chance that he will go there.)

With her husband and son involved in such impressive winning streaks, Mrs. Betty Boyd has been living basketball along with her menfolks. She had a piano tuner in recently to tone up the family's antique upright and when he found out which Mrs. Boyd she was the man promised to overhaul the whole thing if USC won the national championship.

"This is the year of the Boyd," Betty said. "It's just got to be."

Maybe, Betty, maybe, but not just yet. Saturday, for instance, belonged to UCLA from the start. In the morning the *Daily Bruin* newspaper staff squashed the men from *The Daily Trojan* 117–95. Saturday evening the Bruin freshman team, one of the best in the nation, murdered USC 78–49. And for the big game, USC did not even have much of a home-court advantage. By agreement, UCLA was entitled to about 1,800 student tickets, but USC is so used to having difficulty selling tickets that out of habit it shipped more than 6,000 across town for sale by UCLA, much to Boyd's displeasure.

The noise factor probably wasn't important anyway. Used to the pressure of boisterous crowds, UCLA jumped off to a 20–11 lead. USC, which has come from behind several times this year, fought back and went off the floor at halftime leading 38–37 on Layton's jumper in the key.

During intermission USC fans showed off stickers that said, "We're going to be No. 1, we try harder," and as the second half got under way some of them actually began to believe in the legend. After a back-and-forth duel, Layton hit a jump shot from the left, hit a short jumper off the fast break and hit another after a steal by Schrobilgen. In a few minutes it was USC 59–50.

A nine-point lead with 9½ minutes to go! Maybe the Trojans were so hot and loose that they were going to break the game wide open, get, say, 25 points ahead and send the subs in to mop up. The Trojans were daring to dream. Even the most skeptical among them did not guess that No. 1 would score only one point the rest of the way.

USC, in some foul trouble, was in a zone defense that had been working well. Wicks scored from underneath, his ninth straight basket without a miss. Terry Schofield hit a long jump shot. Patterson muscled into the middle to grab a missed free throw and put it in, then tap in a missed shot. Two stolen passes, a free throw and in a little more time than it takes to tear up a "We try harder" sign the Bruins had the lead 61–60.

With 4:50 left, UCLA went into its delay. Wicks, 6′ 8″ and certain to go among the first in the pro draft, helped waste away the time, dribbling right- and left-handed, never losing the ball. Fouled with 20 seconds left, he sank both free throws and started mugging for the cheering UCLA fans, flexing his muscles like a body-builder.

The game was over and—surprise—Camille died of consumption.

The two teams play a rematch March 13 at UCLA's Pauley Pavilion, where Boyd has coached both his victories over the Bruins. That game very likely will determine the Pacific Eight championship. It could also decide the national championship.

"The season isn't over by a long shot," said USC's Westphal. "I think we'll bounce back."

"I hope they lose four or five and we take all of ours," said Wicks, who was happy to escape with the win. "I don't want it to come down to the end." **END**

Wicks (center) and Curtis Rowe were devastating in last minutes of game when they almost never allowed USC players near the ball.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG

SKATING FOR GOLD ON THIN ICE

That's what two American teen-agers were doing in the world speed-skating championships. When it was over they had two firsts, a third and new respect from their European rivals

by PAUL RESS and WILLIAM F. REED

The winter in Helsinki has been uncommonly mild. Not since 1830, in fact, has the temperature stayed above freezing so continuously, and early last week the ice was more like ice cream. This was considered to be something of a national emergency since Finland was due to host the ladies' world speed-skating championships—and how in the name of Hans Brinker could the girls skate without ice? Less than a week before the championships the Kallio outdoor ice rink was a gravel field on which little boys played soccer.

By Thursday, when the U.S. team arrived, a thin sheet of ice had formed on the rink, but that was hardly enough. "We tried to work out," said Dianne Holum, the top American skater, "but we kept sinking." Later, in the lobby of the Olympia Hotel, Dianne was discussing the dismal conditions with her teammates—Anne Henning and Leah Poulos—when she caught a glimpse on TV of the Apollo 14 astronauts walking on the moon. "Now there's where they ought to hold the world championship next winter," said Dianne. "The conditions couldn't be any worse up there than they are here."

At 19 Holum found herself the matriarch of this year's U.S. team. Poulos also is 19, but she has been competing internationally only two years to Holum's five. And they both are downright venerable next to little Annie Henning—blonde, blue-eyed and 15. By comparison, the Netherlands, the defending world champions, sent a mother of three in her 30s, and the Soviet team included one veteran twice as old as Annie. The Europeans could only shake their heads and wonder why these crazy Americans persisted in sending little girls to do a woman's job.

The Russians arrived in a rather cocky mood. Their veteran skaters—Nina Statkevich, Ludmila Titova and Tatiana Sidorova—had finished 1-2-3 in the European championships the previous weekend at Leningrad. All the same, they couldn't help watching the American girls. They noticed that Holum looked bigger and stronger than ever, and they were especially interested in getting a look at Anne Henning. Last November, Annie had electrified the icy little world of speed skating by doing 500 meters in 43.7 seconds at Inzell in the German Alps, her time only a tick off the world record set by Sidorova at Russia's high-altitude camp in Alma-Ata.

"Annie is the fastest skater in the world," said Coach Ed Rudolph of the U.S. "She'll prove it at Helsinki."

For once the American team seemed ready. All three girls had trained in Europe for at least a month last fall. Henning's clocking in the 500 was the most tangible evidence of their improvement, but Holum also increased her strength and ability under the guidance of Dutch Coach Yan Vloedgraven. Moreover, they spent the two weeks before the world championships training in Oslo instead of flying over from the U.S. at the last minute. By the time they arrived in Helsinki the girls had adjusted themselves to the eight-hour time difference between Helsinki and their home town of Northbrook, Ill. (where they are near both Coach Rudolph and the only refrigerated, Olympic-size rink in the western hemisphere).

When the Finns got their first look at the Americans, they were surprised. Oh, sure, they looked cute and sweet, as usual, but they were so very young—and much stronger than the Finns had expected. Two days before the meet Rudolph took the girls to a Finnish seamstress. The idea was to fit them with one-piece, nylon knit, navy blue skating suits. These were introduced by the Norwegian men last season and now they are the latest fashion—as well as a mechanical aid to faster times. The one-piece suits supposedly reduce wind re-



Perky Anne Henning, only 15, was last in experience but first in the 500-meter sprint

sistance to a minimum, they eliminate suspenders and the skaters don't have to worry about the tops of two-piece suits riding up their backs. But when the American girls tried on the suits, they busted a lot of seams. "I had been told," grumbled a seamstress, "that they were skinny."

On Saturday, when the meet was to begin, the weather turned cold enough for the ice to harden, more or less. The Finns had worked on it around the clock, laying straw and praying for a freeze. But conditions still were far from ideal when it became time for the first race. The drab apartment buildings surrounding the rink failed to keep a strong wind from blowing across the area, and the ice, said Holum, was "pretty dirty." Part of the blame was awarded to reporters, who insisted on trudging back and forth across the skating surface with muddy boots. In some spots the ice was so thin that the underlying gravel threatened to poke through. Holland's Atje Keulen-Deelstra, last year's overall world champion, slipped at almost every stroke, broke the edge of her blades shortly after the start in one race and finally quit in disgust.

Nevertheless, some 2,000 Finns paid $1.20 each to stand in that numbing Arctic wind and watch the girls sizzle around the rink. Unlike American ice skating, in which a group of skaters compete in the same race, international speed skating is raced in pairs, with the clock being each racer's real opponent. In two days there are four events: 500 meters, 1,000 meters, 1,500 meters and 3,000 meters. Traditionally, the Americans get wiped out at the longer distances by the stronger, more mature Dutch and Russians, but they usually manage to hold their own in the sprints. Before last weekend, and not counting the first championship way back in 1936, American women had won only one gold medal ever.

This year there were supposed to be 12 competing countries, but East Germany backed out at the last minute. So 11 nations sent women to Helsinki—or, more precisely, 10 nations sent women and you-know-who sent little girls clutching things like a stuffed Snoopy dog (Holum) and an old Christmas tree ornament (Henning) for luck. When the meet began, the Americans drew a good deal of attention. The girls had been on local TV and the newspapers had been full of stories about them—none of them understood by anyone from the U.S. because to them the Finnish language was about as decipherable as Magyar.

Early in the first event, the 500, the top Soviet sprinter, Titova, took the lead with a brisk clocking of 45.8 seconds. She looked unbeatable when Holum whirled around the ice in a disappointing 48.3. "I was really lousy," Holum complained, "but I just couldn't get my footing on that dirty ice."

In the 11th starting position came Annie Henning. Many of the knowledgeable fans timed her, and as she swept across the finish line they burst into cheers. She had gone past Titova with a 44.6. One more Russian, Tatiana Averina, was still on deck, but all she could do was 46.4—good for third place behind Henning and Titova.

"How old is she?" Titova immediately asked Rudolph in English.

"Annie is 15," he said.

"Does she go to college?"

"No," said Rudolph. "She's at high school, second year."

"Very good," murmured the Russian, shaking her head. "Very good."

The newly elected Miss Finland, a former skater, glided up to Annie and presented her with a gold medal. But the medal ceremony lasted so long that Annie had no time to warm up for the next event—the 1,500. Skating in the first position, she finished 22nd, more than 10 seconds slower than Statkevich, the eventual winner. But Holum skated beautifully and won third place behind Statkevich and Holland's Stien Kaiser. It was the first time an American had ever won a medal in a world championship 1,500. The day's only disappointment for the Americans was Poulos, far back in the field in both events.

On Sunday the ice wasn't any better, so the Americans cut down on their warming-up time. "The more we warmed up, the duller our skates got," said Holum, "so we just forgot about it." The first event was the 1,000 meters, and Stien Kaiser of the Netherlands seemed a sure winner. Her time of 1:33.7 resisted the assault of the top Soviet girls, including Statkevich, who had a 1:34.0. Henning failed to come close, so that left America's hopes up to Holum. Skating in the eighth pair, she stole away Kaiser's victory with a 1:33.0 clocking and won a gold medal to go with her bronze.

The fourth and final race, the 3,000, was predictably weak for the Americans. The best Holum could manage was ninth place, Henning was last and Poulos, after finishing 27th in the 1,000, failed to qualify. Two Dutch girls, Kaiser and Ans Schut, finished 1-2. In the overall standings, Russia's Statkevich won the world championship followed by Kaiser, Titova and Holum. Only 118/1,000 of a point kept Holum from winning the bronze medal.



Dianne Holum won a gold and a bronze.

"I was thrilled at winning the gold," said Dianne when it was all over, "but I am disappointed that my 500 was so bad. If I had only skated a fraction better I could have been third overall. I kinda blew it."

Well, not exactly. With two gold medals and a bronze, the Americans made one of their strongest overall showings in world competition. This week they should continue to do well in the world sprint championships at Inzell. And after that they can start thinking seriously about the big one—the Olympic Games next winter in Sapporo. Holum smiled her best little-girl smile when Sapporo was mentioned. "That's a whole year off," she said, "but I think we're improving, don't you?" **END**

ALOHA FOR A BRIGHT YOUNG BLOND

Tommy Shaw's second victory of 1971 is making believers out of critics who once called him just another pretty face **by DAN JENKINS**

Let's welcome a real live new star to professional golf, gang—even though he dresses in the lime greens and canary yellows of a Hawaiian tourist, wears the plantation hat of an old South Seas movie hero and seems to take particular delight in beating Arnold Palmer. Let's greet Tommy Shaw, who has now won two of the five PGA tournaments of 1971, even though his contemporaries swear he can't play that well and charge that he fibs about his age because, as one said, "He wants to be known as the bright young blond thing on the tour."

Well, whether Tom Shaw can play the way some people want him to didn't matter much again last week in Honolulu, where all he did was add the luxuriant Hawaiian Open championship to the Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur he had won three weeks earlier. The evidence is growing that if you put Shaw in any exotic place on the face of the Earth, he will putt his way to the nearest bag of prize money, laughing all the while. Truly he has labeled himself as the kind of fresh personality the tour could surely use.

When it was all over Sunday, out there in the Pacific where the trade winds blow and the mai tais pour, Shaw already had made so much money in the new season that he could afford to go about doing that other thing he does so well, which is miss the cut. That's the deal with Shaw apparently: he wins big and then disappears to spend it. Tommy first turned up a winner in 1969 at Doral; in the weeks that followed his tour mates began to holler "Freak!" as Shaw proceeded to miss the cut at most of his next tournaments before winning again at the Aveo Classic. Whereupon the pros hollered "Freak!" again—prompted perhaps by the fact that in both wins he had gotten so far ahead that he could afford fat 40s on the last nine holes. Last year he never finished better than fifth and managed to attract attention only because he was among the first players to let his hair grow, and because he began affecting the dizzily colored trousers that have become his trademark.

But this is a new year for Shaw, and when he hung in grimly to stave off Arnold Palmer at the Crosby in January, the pros had a reason to say, well, maybe Tommy has learned to play after all. Alas, he promptly did that old thing again—missing the cut at Phoenix and San Diego. Everyone should have known he was ready to win in Hawaii.

"I can't explain any of it," Shaw smiled. "I seem to get a feeling that I'm going to win, and I win. I do have a lot of confidence in my putting and I just get jazzed up and go when a couple of good ones drop."

Shaw wasn't the only pro jazzed up in the otherwise somnolent surroundings at the Waialae Country Club. The 1971 Hawaiian Open came at a time of year for the golfers that was, well, more intense than usual. In three weeks these same pros will be 5,000 miles away, in Florida, fighting it out for the PGA Championship, and this year Hawaii was a dandy tune-up instead of the tour's most relaxing stopover. There was some of that, of course. The Hawaiian Open is traditionally the tournament with more diversions per hole than any other. As the old joke goes, it's the place they cut the field after the second round—heh, heh—to the low 80 and mai tais.

Most of the competitors this year stayed down in the Waikiki area, where they could spend their money quicker in a city that has developed L.A.-sized traffic jams and has fought its way up to No. 1 in the race to see which town can have the highest cost of living. Instead of watching surfers or hula dancers or guys twirling flaming sticks over your dinner plate, now you can sit in Honolulu and watch a new high-rise hotel or apartment house go up between meals.

The golfers spent their idle hours strolling through the International Market Place and bumping into each other, going to a variety of the more economical restaurants—all of which seemed to be named Chuck's Steak House—visiting Pearl Harbor, bypassing a number of parties given by the underwriter of the tournament, United Air Lines, and anxiously awaiting Raymond Floyd's Saturday night debut as a singer and guitarist at Chuck's Cellar, a Waikiki bistro. As for Floyd's performance, it can be said that no one in Nashville need have any fear of the competition. On the other hand, for a pro golfer, he wasn't that bad.

Told that Floyd was opening Saturday night at 10:30, John Brodie, the 49er quarterback and an exceptional amateur who came within a stroke of making the cut, said, "Raymond's been opening at 10:30 all his life. It's just that this time he has a guitar."

Floyd, a bit of a swinger, took that as a high compliment, but admitted he had been nervous at his debut. "This will sure make those three-footers easier to face."

The best, if not the funniest, spot of all was the hotel about which the Waialae Country Club course curves. The Kahala Hilton is a magnificent structure away from the frenzy and noise of Waikiki, hard by old Diamond Head, where—aside from the red-hot golf going on just below the guests' balconies—there were spontaneous luaus and drumbeats that started up at the drop of a new arrival from Des Moines. And one could always discover a taller, fruitier, milkier drink for a dollar more than the last one. Hidden in the blazing foliage of the layout was, of all things, a Japanese cottage, and if you peeked closely through the palms and bougainvillea there was a sign that explained that this was the Y. Kawabata cottage, a place where the Nobel Prize-winning author from Japan had lived and worked. And one couldn't help thinking that even Kawabata must have been startled to find that on the hotel menu a hukilau

wasn't a fish feast at all, but smoked salmon and creamed cheese on pumpernickel.

Meanwhile, the timing of the tournament—one of the half-dozen richest of the year at $200,000—was wonderful for United. A week before it began, the airline announced publicly that it had lost some $46 million last year. Fortunately for pro golf, however, United chose to lay off 394 pilots and 100 hostesses, instead of the 150 guys who were entered at Waialae.

This momentarily baffled Lee Trevino, that *any* airline could lose money. "Man, it cost so much to bring my family over here," said Lee, "I'm gonna have to finish second just to make expenses."

Trevino, who had won the Hawaiian Open before, then went out and did his part to see that the galleries were increased over other years. He appeared on television and radio and at a banquet, encouraging the folks to come on out. "We got all the great stars out there at Waialae," he said to his audience. "Me . . . Palmer, Nicklaus," he laughed, proving once again what a refreshing throwback he is to the old days, to the era when such as Jimmy Demaret would make endless public appearances, hustling up crowds.

By contrast, there were those hordes of other competitors who spend their time complaining about the tee at the 5th hole being lengthened, as if they all didn't have to play the same hole and weren't actually in paradise with a chance to win $40,000 for four days' work.

By Saturday evening the city had really got excited about the event. Arnold Palmer had finally surged into a tie for the lead, motivated, no doubt, by the fact that Alan Shepard had hit a couple of six-irons on the moon and folks had been asking Arnold for his appraisal of the lunar swing.

They didn't have to ask Arnold about Shaw's putting. It was superb. On Friday Tommy stood calmly underneath his plantation hat and rolled in three putts that practically stretched to Kauai, measuring 60, 50 and 50 feet. Palmer got to watch the act on Saturday, when he was paired with Shaw, who not only holed two more 20-footers and a couple of 12-footers but had the impudence to tell Arnold, "I'd have probably made every one of the birdie putts you missed."

Shaw went out on Sunday for the final round just in front of Palmer and DeWitt Weaver, a long-hitting ex-football player from Lubbock, Texas, and immediately did what would naturally put Arnold in a splendid frame of mind. With Palmer watching down the fairway behind him, Shaw, in his lime and canary, canned a six-footer on the first hole for a birdie.

And it should probably be noted that Shaw doesn't swing as badly as a lot of the pros would have you believe. He outdrove Palmer on a number of the holes where they were paired together, and the irons that he hit on the tough closing holes Sunday simply devoured flags and gave him the good birdie opportunities that locked up the championship for him at 16 and 17 and beat runner-up Miller Barber by one stroke.

Shaw is a colorful cat, not just in his dress but in the long strides that exude enthusiasm, the waves and smiles he turns on the gallery and the way he fidgets over a putt, changing his stance and almost giving the ball a rap on the move. He's followed by one of the cutest wives on the tour, a girl who would prefer to walk inside the ropes with Tommy if only the PGA would allow it.

"I guess they don't like for the wives to be able to see," Joy Shaw said Sunday, wearing a broad-brimmed hat of her own and grinning triumphantly up at television.

Shaw claims to be 28 years old, but he has some pals both on the tour and back in Milwaukie, Ore., who say he's closer to 32. Well, he looks about 17 and can probably afford—especially with another $40,000 in prize money—to chuckle over remarks about his being the bright young blond thing on the tour.

Right now, of course, he is. **END**

Tom Shaw shows off his plantation hat and winning manner for gallerylitas at Honolulu.



With many of the NFL's star quarterbacks growing old the search is on for their replacements. Here are the youngsters most likely to succeed ***by TEX MAULE***

TOMORROW'S GENERALS

The Boston Patriots, by virtue of finishing the 1970 season with the worst record in pro football, increased their value by $1,500,000. On the Friday before the Pats' last game, the team's stock traded at 11¾. That Sunday, Boston lost to Cincinnati 45–7 and earned the right to pick first in the draft. When the market opened on Monday, the stock began to climb. Analysts arrived at the $1,500,000 figure by multiplying the number of shares outstanding—237,800—by 6¼, the amount the stock has risen.

This flurry reflected the value investors placed on the No. 1 pick, who, to no one's surprise, turned out to be Jim Plunkett (*see cover*), Stanford's Heisman Trophy-winning quarterback.

It also demonstrated the transcendent importance a quarterback—a good quarterback—has for a pro football team. When NFL owners, scouts and coaches daydream, they do not entertain visions of Raquel Welch, gushers or tropical isles. At least not all of the time. What frequently comes to mind is a young man who stands 6′3″, weighs 215 pounds, has an IQ in the very superior category, a powerful, accurate arm, good speed and a lot of poise.

With many of the fine quarterbacks of the past decade getting on in years—John Unitas is 37, Bart Starr 37, Sonny Jurgensen 36 and John Brodie 35—the search for young talent has become even more intense than usual. Twenty-three quarterbacks were chosen in the 1971 draft, although some, like Ohio State's Rex Kern, were selected for another position; Kern showed in the Hula Bowl that he could play defensive back, and the Baltimore Colts took him in the 10th round.

The three top choices this year were



OPERATING FROM SHORT PUNT, BUFFALO'S DENNIS SHAW TAKES SNAP FROM SISTER WHILE HIS FIANCÉE HEADS DOWNSTREET



DRAFTED BY SAINTS, ARCHIE MANNING MADE HIS NO. 1 PICK OLIVIA WILLIAMS

quarterbacks: Plunkett, Mississippi's Archie Manning, who was drafted by New Orleans, and Santa Clara's Dan Pastorini, selected by Houston. This dreamy trio joins half a dozen other young quarterbacks already in the pros, who could become the Starrs and Unitases of the future: Dennis Shaw of Buffalo, Greg Landry of Detroit, Greg Cook of Cincinnati, Bob Griese of Miami, Terry Bradshaw of Pittsburgh and Don Horn, recently traded from Green Bay to Denver. Not all of them have been successful to date, but all have shown they have the stuff that dreams are made of.

Gil Brandt, the chief scout of the Dallas Cowboys, presides over what may be the most sophisticated scouting system in the league. If player evaluation can be reduced to a science, Brandt and his boss, Cowboy President Tex Schramm, have come as close as anyone to doing it. Computers in Palo Alto sift the vast amount of information gathered by Cowboy scouts and from the printouts emerge the archetype for each position.

"We look for a number of things in a quarterback," Brandt said last week. "In our system he must have an IQ of around 120. All of those you have mentioned [the six listed above and the three rookies] except one, are in that range."

Brandt was dining in a plush Dallas restaurant and he arranged a short saltcellar and an equally short pepper shaker on either side of a tall vodka and tonic. "Then you have to have height," he said. "The quarterbacks coming up must be able to see over the defense. I think in the last 10 years or so, defensive lines have grown two or three inches taller on the average and the six-foot quarterback can't see over them. The quarterback [he tapped the saltcellar] is small and his receiver [the pepper shaker] is small and the defensive end [the vodka and tonic] is big. If the quarterback rolls to one side or the other, he cuts off half the field, since most quarterbacks can't throw back against the roll. So we demand height."

All the young quarterbacks deemed most likely to succeed are 6′ 2″ or over except for Griese, who is 6′ 1″.

"One statistic you don't see is tipped or blocked passes," Brandt went on. "They don't happen to tall quarterbacks. A tipped pass invites an interception. When you see in a scout's report that a kid has three or four passes a game tipped or blocked, you can bet he's too short."

The Cowboys—and all the other clubs—also look for a quick drop and a quick release and, in recent years, speed and agility in retreating to the throwing area. "We have a list of 20 NFL quarterbacks, showing their average release time last season," Brandt said. "It used to be that if a quarterback had 3.2 seconds to throw, he could get the ball away most of the time. These 20 averaged from 2.4 to 2.8. The quickest release was Joe Namath's, but it isn't reflected in his time because he drops back 10 yards, instead of seven.

"Quarterbacks have to have stability, too," Brandt went on. "They have to be able to follow a game plan and not free-lance. They must know when to throw the ball away and when to eat it. A quarterback who tries to force a pass is asking for an interception against the defensive backs in pro football today. They're much faster and quicker than they were 10 years ago."

Finally, Brandt looks for leadership, a quality that quarterbacks develop in different ways. "Types like Bobby Layne and Joe Kapp had it on their personality," Brandt explained. "Others, like Bob Waterfield and Bart Starr, were leaders by ability, by example."

The nine young quarterbacks listed earlier (all of whom are 26 or younger) have these qualities in varying degrees. But the three rookies have not been tested, and they will remain suspect until a season or two has gone by.

"Manning is probably the best athlete of the three," Brandt said later, in his office. He thumbed through a thick loose-leaf notebook of scouting reports on Archie. "He's 6′ 3″, weighs 205 and he's got 4.7 speed in the 40, which is exceptional for a quarterback. And he's a terrific passer. One scout says, 'Fluid, great physical ability, capable of throwing long or short from any position. Semi-rollout pass is the best I've ever seen.' Manning's a tough kid who has overcome a lot; his dad committed suicide, for one. In his sophomore year he played with cracked ribs and this year he came back and played with his left arm in a cast. In the Hula Bowl, operating an offense he didn't know, throw-

continued

ing to strange receivers and hurting, he completed 20 out of 33 and had two dropped on him.

"He'll have to learn to stay in the pocket, though," Brandt added. "But I think he has the chance to be better than Plunkett. Plunkett played a pro-type offense at Stanford and he's very, very good, but I don't think he'll improve as much since he's already attained a good deal of his potential."

Brandt's book on Plunkett shows he is 6′ 2½″, 212. The scouting books are always more accurate than college programs; college publicity men are not above adding an inch or two and a few pounds to make a player appear larger than life.

THE TOP 15 PROSPECTS

TERRY BRADSHAW, 22, Steelers
VIRGIL CARTER, 25, Bengals
GREG COOK, 24, Bengals
MARTY DOMRES, 23, Chargers
KARL DOUGLAS, 21, drafted by Colts
BOB GRIESE, 26, Dolphins
EDD HARGETT, 23, Saints
DON HORN, 25, Broncos
GREG LANDRY, 24, Lions
MIKE LIVINGSTON, 25, Chiefs
ARCHIE MANNING, 21, drafted by Saints
DAN PASTORINI, 21, drafted by Oilers
JIM PLUNKETT, 23, drafted by Patriots
DENNIS SHAW, 23, Bills
AL WOODALL, 25, Jets

"Plunkett has a big plus," Brandt said. "He could win the big games—Ohio State, USC, UCLA. You could see his poise in the first game of the season, against Arkansas, laying the ball off to his backs when his receivers were covered. Statistics don't mean much in college ball, because of those seven- and eight-yard passes, but he showed a lot. He has all of it, just like Manning, but he's not as quick or as fast. But he sets up fast, throws very well and he can take a beating. The name of the game is a guy who can play 14 games a season, not seven or eight. He's sharp mentally, and he was coached by Jack Christiansen, the ex-49er coach, so he reads defenses well."

The third of the first-round quarterbacks was Dan Pastorini. He's 6′ 2½″, 220 and the slowest of the three. He has a tremendous arm, is accurate and he was a drop-back quarterback in college, but he doesn't scramble well.

"Pastorini's a fine athlete," Brandt said. "And he's an exceptional ball handler, better than Manning or Plunkett, which could be useful on play-action passes. But he missed five games last year with a knee injury and he's been hurt before. He has one thing over the others, though—he can punt and placekick so you save two specialists with him. On the other hand, Santa Clara's competition wasn't much—Humboldt State, Lewis & Clark. Against Humboldt State he was 10 for 12, for 188 yards and four touchdowns. But Humboldt State isn't Green Bay."

Plunkett, Manning and Pastorini could share the fortune of Shaw or the misfortune of Bradshaw, both of whom started last season. Shaw performed well enough for Buffalo to become Rookie of the Year. Bradshaw was nearly crushed by failure. He came to Pittsburgh ebullient, confident, talkative. By midseason, he had become cautious and withdrawn, and at times wept in his car after defeats.

"The pressures kept building up," Bradshaw said last week. "Fans, writers, everything. I felt I had to retaliate, but instead I kept digging myself a bigger hole. You wouldn't believe all I did to try to complete a pass. I had never dreamed of a day when I couldn't feel I could complete one. The plain truth is I didn't know how to attack a defense, how to set up one thing by using another. I had such a lack of knowledge of the game. A lot of the time I was just grab-bagging out there. It was a guessing game. Yeah, I expected to burn it up, fire right through them. Shoot, I didn't think anyone could stop me. I still think I'll make it, but I know it's going to take the application of all I learned and went through last year."

Bradshaw came from Louisiana Tech, a relatively small school where he had been a hero. "I wasn't used to booing," he said. "The first time I heard it, my knees shook. I came close to being a No. 1 flop, but I learned a lot. Be patient. Don't panic. Now I have this ice-cold feeling."

In Brandt's book, Bradshaw's a winner—6′ 2½″, 212, nearly as fast as Manning, with an arm strong enough to break the national high school javelin record. "He had flashes," Brandt said. "His release is so quick it's unreal. Sometimes he tries to force a pass, but he'll learn. He'll be great."

Shaw was great immediately. He completed 55% of his passes under pressure and never lost his poise. He was drafted on the second round a year ago, which disturbed him, but he reacts very well to challenge. He is the classic size, 6′ 2¼″, 204, has a fine arm and good speed, although he is only an average scrambler. He has good but not exceptional release and he excels in stability.

Like Plunkett, Shaw got a boost by playing a pro set in college. "I had to learn to read defenses for our offense to work," he said recently, "so I didn't have that problem when I came into the pros. What really shocked me was that they don't teach you that much in the pros. You have to learn the playbook, and that's about it. But I had the philosophy they wanted. All I had to learn was to use the players the best way I could to avoid creating helter-skelter. The guys on the Bills, they're all young, like me. That helped. And they didn't expect much, so there wasn't that much pressure, not like the pressure on Bradshaw. So I had fun. I have fun performing in front of people. I play things mostly by instinct and I don't fail that much. A coach can go over a game plan and I get it down, but once you're in the huddle and the center says he can take his man out, if he's telling the truth you do it. I've used things I've made up in the huddle. It's like being a little general out there. It's cool. You know you're doing something only a very few can do.

"Right now I think I'm in better shape at this stage than any rookie ever, except maybe Namath. I'm truthful, not cocky."

Greg Cook, who missed the 1970 season because of a shoulder injury, has a similar attitude. "You have to feel you're the best," he says. "I hate to talk this way. Once I had the feeling that you should be happy if you're a starting quarterback in the NFL. Why, there are only 26 of them. You're part of the elite. But when you get to that point, you suddenly start thinking you should be better than being one of them."

Cook has long hair and he paints, which is not the image of a Paul Brown quarterback, but Brown believes in him. "The idea that it takes three to four years to make a quarterback is a fallacy," says Brown, who started Otto Gra-

continued


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ham as a rookie. "It's easier for a coach to go with a veteran. It makes it safer for him. It's easier to say that the rookie's not ready, but it doesn't bother me to have a quarterback learn on the field. Y. A. Tittle became great because he had to go right in with Baltimore and fight for his life."

Brandt's book on Cook shows him to be 6′ 3″, 205, a trifle slow but a good runner. "He's an above-average long passer, but he had intereeption trouble in college," Brandt said. "I think he tried to force the ball, but Brown cured that. There's no doubt he has all the qualities. The only question is whether he'll come off his injury in good shape."

Cook, like Shaw and Bradshaw, started in his rookie season. Greg Landry, who picked up the Lions during the second half of last season and came within six points of taking them into the NFL championship game, backed up Bill Munson before he got his chance.

Landry was the first quarterback selected in the 1968 draft, but he didn't get to play that year until Munson was hurt. Landry's first start was against Dallas: he completed his first six passes, one for a touchdown, then watched helplessly as the Lions lost 59-13.

But Landry overcame his traumatic debut; last year he played the final five games with a small fracture behind a knuckle in his passing hand. He refused to have it X-rayed because, "I could still throw and I wanted to play."

Landry is a runner of Manning's stripe—quick, strong and capable of overpowering defensive backs. Last year he went 76 yards on a quarterback sneak, the longest run from scrimmage in the National Conference. "I'm sure I won't be running as much when I get to know a little bit more," he said the other day, "but I'm not going to stop running just for the sake of not running."

Brandt is as enthusiastic about Landry as he is about Manning. "He's the same size," he said, "and a great athlete. Marvelous passer, long or short, aggressive, could be a terrific defensive back. He's not quite as fast as Manning, but he's very competitive."

"Landry makes things happen," says Joe Schmidt, the Lion coach. "He seems to generate the offense. He might not do exactly what he planned to do but something happens."

Don Horn has the same faculty. He has the size, too—6′ 2″, 195—a quick release, poise and a faculty for making the big play. And he has had four years of indoctrination under Starr.

"In Green Bay I felt I was never going to be the quarterback until Starr retired," he said after being traded to Denver. "In that country Bart is a legend, a lord and a saint. Now I feel I'm mature enough to command a starting job."

And he has learned to throw the ball away when necessary, a knack Starr developed to perfection. "You look for the band," Horn says. "You aim for the tuba."

Bob Griese has already proved himself. He's a trifle short, but he has learned to read defenses and stay in the pocket and he is willing to eat the ball or throw it away when the situation requires. In the Pro Bowl he was sacked five times but threw no interceptions; in the same game Daryle Lamonica was never tackled but he threw two interceptions and two more of his passes should have been intercepted.

There are some wild cards in the draft, too, like Karl Douglas, a 6′ 2″, 208-pounder from Texas A&I. "He could be the first black quarterback to make it big in pro ball," says Upton Bell, the son of former NFL Commissioner Bert Bell and director of player personnel for the Colts, who drafted Douglas on the third round. "There's something special about this young man's makeup that makes me think he will. I've seen every quarterback in the country. You name 'em, I've looked at them. Douglas has the arm, poise and courage to match any of the top three chosen."

He's not quite as fast as Manning, but he punts and kicks off, like Pastorini. His statistics are, like all of the top choices, well, fabulous. And he has been a winner. The last two years he took A&I to the national small-college (NAIA) championship.

Douglas is a long shot, but so, for that matter, were Starr, a 17th round choice in 1956, and Unitas, whom Pittsburgh picked ninth in 1955, then released, and who was playing for the semi-pro Bloomfield (Pa.) Rams when Baltimore paid him $100 to sign in 1956.

By the same token, first draft choices can be No. 1 flops. Whatever happened to Richie Lucas, Bob Garrett, Bernie Falony and Don Allard? **END**



MOST EXPERIENCED of young quarterbacks is Bob Griese, a Miami starter since 1967.



MOST MULTITALENTED is Bengals' Greg Cook, an artist who led AFL passers in 1969.



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BUNDINI: SVENGALI IN ALI'S CORNER

He's the 'float like a butterfly' men who psychs up Muhammad before fights end in the ring. As usuel, he wes the first to embrece his chempion efter the sudden knockout of Oscer Bonavene

by ***EDWIN SHRAKE***











In his hotel room the evening before the Ali-Bonavena fight Angelo Dundee was trying to knot his tie in a mirror and keep a watch on a televised pro football game at the same time. But he was thinking about neither. "Somebody ought to write a book about Bundini," Angelo said, referring to Drew Brown, that blithe spirit who is Muhammad Ali's self-proclaimed assistant trainer and psyche coach as well as the often most ebullient member of a fight camp renowned for its fervor. "Hey, Jimmy, what is it you always say about Bundini?"

"Put a headdress and beads on him you'd have a witch doctor," said Angelo's brother. "And I don't mean that in any negative sense. There's good witch doctors, you know."

"Right," Angelo said. "This Bundini, he's a strong person, very interesting. I met him just before our Doug Jones fight. He was talking about the planets. Like to drove me up the wall. While we were getting ready for our first fight with Liston, the champ says, 'Angelo, guess who's coming down?' I said, 'Oh no, don't tell me!' But there's no friction between Bundini and me. He insists on being called *assistant* trainer. There's no crossing of roles. I like him. The trick is, if you try to understand him, he'll drive you crazy. So I don't try."

A few doors along the hall from Angelo's room, on the 15th floor of Loew's Midtown Motor Inn in Manhattan, a tall black man with a deep scar on his right cheek sat on a chair rubbing his hands together and looking desperately unhappy. Ali lounged on the bed, in his right hand a .38 pistol that belonged to a detective who sat grinning in the corner. Ali touched the cold pistol muzzle to his head and smiled at the man with the scar.

"Don't you do that, champ. Put up that gun," said Bundini.

"Click!" said Ali.

"You're playing when you should be praying," Bundini said.

Ali stuck the pistol against his foot.

"Bang!" he said.

"Champ, this ain't right. I can't stand this. You know how I feel about guns." As Bundini left the room he could hear them laughing behind the closed door. "Makes me look like a nut, a weakling," he muttered, walking down the hall. "But it scares me what could happen when a man gets hold of a gun." He entered Angelo's room and poured himself a drink of Scotch into a coffee cup.

"How's it going?" asked Angelo.

"Everything cool," Bundini said.

Then he went farther down the hall to his own room and began dressing for a prefight party. Bundini hadn't intended to go to the party, but he found he was too nervous to stay in his room. He put on a pair of red pants with flared bottoms, a red vest, white silk shirt with balloon sleeves and red and black boots. With the heavy hip-pocket comb that he keeps ready in case the champ needs to straighten up for a TV interview, Bundini scraped at his hair. But his mood was melancholy, his temper disturbed, emotions rising.

"I get sick before a fight," he said. "I feel like a pregnant woman. I give the champ all my strength. He throw a punch, I throw a punch. He get hit, it hurt me. I can't explain it, but sometimes I know what he's gonna do before he even knows it. Some of my duties with the champ, anybody could do use the watch, carry stuff, all like that. Other things couldn't nobody else do because I don't even know how I do them myself."

Except for a desolate interlude of seven fights beginning with the defense against Floyd Patterson, Drew Brown has been a conspicuous figure in Muhammad Ali's camp and corner since those weird, exuberant days in Miami Beach in early 1964 when the young, beautiful heavyweight, who had just changed his name from Cassius Clay, was training to destroy Sonny Liston with psychic aid from such slogans as: "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee." Bundini thought up that one and now wears it lettered on the back of a T shirt. ("The ropes are the champ's worst enemy," reasoned Bundini. "He got to move fast, but not so fast he won't hit with power. But he the boss, so if you gonna tell him something you got to

continued

have a memorable and pleasing way to put it.")

Bundini came to Miami for the first Liston fight and he lived in a house where he grew roses. "He has a green thumb, actually," says his friend, George Plimpton. "He's a strangely gentle man in the midst of all that violence." In Miami, Bundini was close to his origins. He was born poor, on rich land around Sanford, Fla. 42 years ago. His father was a hunter. "I was what I call a pillar-to-post baby. You know, born on a doorstep with a note on your chest that says, 'Do the best you can for him,'" Bundini says. "Self-experience is one of the great things in the world, but I wouldn't say all people should live like me. Of 10 born like me two will make it and only one really make it. It's an exciting life. You meet all kinds and learn to know the truth, not just from words in a book. There's man's truth, and there's God's truth. I live by God's truth."

At the age of 11, during the Depression, Drew Brown shined shoes and carried water for Civilian Conservation Corps crews building bridges in the Florida swamps. They called him Baby Gator. When he was 13, three months after World War II broke out, he joined the U.S. Navy and served aboard three ships in three Pacific island invasions, as an ammunition loader locked between decks during battles and as a messboy dishing out soup and biscuits to officers in more peaceable times. Bundini says he got a bad-conduct discharge for attacking an officer with a cleaver. "He was the ignorantest man I ever met. I used to breathe hard over him. If I was as ignorant as he was I'd of spit in his coffee and put glass in his food. I was just a nigger to him. I didn't understand the word then or I'd of laughed and kept going. A nigger is a ignorant man, not a color, and he was the nigger. I'm a defender, not a fighter, and I waited for him to make a big move. Finally I went for the cleaver to chop his head off. But Shorty—that's what I call God—Shorty didn't want me to kill him. Shorty wanted me to stick to my mission. They tied me up before I got to the stairs. The officer made it to the deck and jumped overboard. Any man would jump overboard when he is facing sure death.

"Worst punishment about the discharge was they wouldn't let me keep my uniform. Little girls like uniforms, and I was only 15." Neglecting to mention his Navy record, Bundini signed up with the Merchant Marine, where he was to spend 12 years and travel around the world, he says, 27 times. "I loved the sea. Fell in love with it. That's not hard. It's peaceful, and the world becomes so small."

When his ship was laid up in Beirut after a screw had got bent in a torpedo net Drew Brown met a Lebanese family. He says the parents loved him as much as the daughter did, and on the day his ship pulled out again the family stood on the dock in the rain crying, "Bundini! Bundini!" That was the name they had given him. (He pronounces it BO-dini.) "I don't know what the name mean," he says. "Just like I have my eyes I have the name. People try to give it mystery. Say it mean lover or witch doctor. But a name don't mean much now. It's only the claim behind the name that's important."

Between voyages Bundini hung out in Philadelphia and New York. He had money off and on; he had clothes and jewelry. The former Baby Gator was now frequently called the Black Prince. "I was on top of the world," he says. "New York was a play toy to me, like Paris and London. Japan was just another seaport. I was a pirate. When a man is a traveler the world is his house and the sky is his roof, and where he hang his hat is his home and all people are his family. I was truly the Black Prince because I was free. I didn't get angry or frown much. Nowadays your problem is my problem, but in those days my interest was in strictly minding my own personal business."

In Sugar Ray Robinson's Golden Glove Barbershop in Harlem, Bundini ran into an old Philadelphia friend, Norman Henry. In hard times Bundini had slept on one of Henry's pool tables. Henry introduced him to Johnny Bratton, a smooth-skinned, handsome fellow with an unmarked face. Norman Henry said Bratton was a fighter, and Bundini laughed.

"Why you laughing?" asked Bratton. "Ain't you ever heard of me?"

"Only fighters I ever heard of in my life is Sugar Ray Robinson and Joe Louis," said Bundini. "My daddy used to hold me on his shoulder down in Florida so we could listen to Joe Louis fights coming out of a tree. The quietest our people ever got was listening to Joe Louis. He gave them some gladness and some proud when he'd win and say, 'I'm all right, Mama. I'm all right, Mama.' It was some glorious feeling. But you don't look like no fighter to me. Where's your scars at?"

Bratton invited Bundini to go with him to Canada for his next fight. "Norman Henry said to come on and go, that I'd give Bratton energy because he was mad at me. In the dressing room Bratton said he was dedicating the fight to me to prove he was a fighter. Bratton put on one of the greatest fights I ever saw, including up to today. Trouble with him was, his hands was smaller than his wife's hands. They used to shoot novocaine into his hands to freeze 'em so when he broke 'em or hurt 'em he wouldn't feel it. If he'd had hands wouldn't nobody in his class—Gavilan or nobody—could beat him. But he was like a cripple running a race. I stayed around Bratton and around New York, and the sea kind of faded away.

"Bratton introduced me to people, but Sugar Ray didn't pay no attention to me. As the champ, he was one, and I was one among many. Then my friend



BEFORE THE COMEBACK AGAINST JERRY

Shelton Oliver sold his car and bought a place called Shelton's Rib House two doors down from Sugar Ray's. I was the cashier at Shelton's. Sugar Ray came in one night. An old lady with a crutch was eating at the front table. Sugar Ray tossed me $5 and said take care of that old lady's bill. I said, 'Champ, they'll be falling in the ring, and you won't know why they falling.' Sugar Ray said, 'You a strange nigger, Bundini. Very strange.' From then on I was not one among many to him, I was just me.

"Later Sugar Ray asked me to go to camp with him. I didn't know what I was doing then, but it was the same as it is now—a spirit thing. Like George Gainford told me: 'Wherever you are and whatever you are doing make sure whenever you leave you are missed.'

"Working with these champions, I know they are born, not made in a gym. If you could make 'em in a gym they'd turn 'em out like a bakery turns out cookies. Sugar Ray was a true champ, like Muhammad Ali is a true champ. They don't need no teaching. Worst thing is for a fighter to train a fighter. An ex-fighter tries to make the new fighter like the old fighter was. I couldn't teach the champ to deliver a blow. No man could do that. But I can talk to him about other things."



QUARRY, BUNDINI HOVERED OVER ALI

According to Muhammad Ali, he was introduced to Bundini by Bob Nelson, Sugar Ray's brother-in-law. "He wouldn't of knew me if it hadn't been for Bob Nelson," Ali said in his dressing room one afternoon, grinning at Bundini. "Bob said to me, 'I got a man you ought to meet, name of Bo-dini. You think you can talk, you must hear this man.' I said to go and find him. After listening to Bo-dini for 10 minutes I gave up."

Before the first Liston fight Cassius Clay joined the Muslims and became Muhammad Ali. There was pressure on Bundini to enlist officially in the religion. Muslim Leader Elijah Muhammad was quoted as saying he would rather convert Bundini than 12,000 ordinary men. "We was having dinner with Elijah Muhammad one night, and ever time I said something the champ would kick me under the table," says Bundini. "Finally I asked Elijah Muhammad to please tell the champ we was talking O.K., before my legs got bloody. Malcolm X, too, he told the Muslims to let me be. I think the Muslims have done many wonderful things. They're growing up, like the Catholics are growing up. Heaven and hell are here with us, as people are learning."

When Muhammad Ali split up with his first wife, Sonji, on grounds that she did not behave as a proper Muslim woman should, there were renewed, more insistent demands that Bundini should also be expelled from the champion's life if he did not become a Muslim. Some of Ali's religious advisers were very critical of Bundini for having a white wife, Rhoda Palestine. During this emotional travail Muhammad Ali's apartment in Chicago burned, and Bundini saved the championship belt from the fire. Relations between the two men had become so frayed by then that rather than return the belt Bundini hocked it to a Harlem barber for $500. For a time after the second Liston fight Ali and Bundini separated, each feeling a kind of angry disappointment with the other.

While he was not in Muhammad Ali's employ Bundini scratched out a living by selling carpets and, briefly, by running an Upper East Side bar in Manhattan called Bundini's World. One of his carpet customers was Willie Morris, editor-in-chief of *Harper's Magazine*, to whom Bundini also tried to sell a novel. "It was the story of a trip on a riverboat in Florida," Morris recalls. "There were plenty of hot dogs and Cokes for everybody, and everything worked out fine. It was very touching."

In this tormented spell of his life Bundini flew out to Las Vegas to watch Ali fight Patterson. Bundini went as hired assistant to George Plimpton, supposedly to furnish expertise for a magazine story on how Patterson could beat the champion. The distraught Bundini probably would have given this knowledge to Patterson as well as to Plimpton, but neither Patterson nor his aides trusted the man who had been so close to Ali. Whether or not he was moved to brutality by hearing Bundini shouting encouragement to Patterson during the fight, the champion taunted his opponent and beat him cruelly, knocking him out in the 12th round, long after the question had become not whether Ali could knock him out but when Ali would choose to do it.

At last Ali relented and brought Bundini back into his camp. "The champ is a very compassionate man. He loves Bundini and wouldn't keep him in a state of banishment for too long," said a friend. Bundini resumed his spiritual sessions with Ali. "We talk eye to eye, heart to heart," says Bundini. "We talk about the nitty-gritty of life. We think the same. When we see people who are crippled, blind or hungry we feel bad. We are both sons of God. We feel we are on a mission to do good for all people, bringing people together through understanding. The people who need help most in this country is the black man. When the black man get help it help the white man, too. If the black man get equal opportunities, it will make the white man look good. The black man is the onliest one can save this country. If the black man pack up and leave, this country will fall, because there's a sin on it already. We got to overcome this sin, forget it, straighten up from today on. The young people know this, and the champ is their hero. Last spring me and the champ was out for a walk one day and we run into about 20,000 kids carrying candles. They crowded around the champ yelling, 'Our leader! Our leader!' They lifted us clean off our

continued

feet. 'Bundini, quick, what's our mission?' the champ ask me. I say, 'Champ, our mission is to not get stomped by those who loves us.' "

Talking this way, Bundini's lip begins to quiver and his eyes grow wide and round in his round, dark face. Energy vibrates from him. His listeners stir. It is not possible to sit there in the room and evade him. "When you can appreciate a human being and respect him for his good and try to help him for his wrongness, you've found God's law," he says. "Trouble is, people become robots, mechanics, puppets. But that's not the real thing. If the President think it is the real thing to make a man act like a puppet let him go tell Henry Ford to give him a nose and a eyeball and a new heart. Make me a man, and I know you the boss. Put coal in the sun, change the bulb in the moon, take the sea and dry it up and I'll know you are God.

"But life ain't for robots. Life is a feeling. Plug in your television. Thirteen channels are here in this room, but you can't see 'em without you are plugged in. On the radio, 150 stations are coming in, but you can't hear 'em unless you turn it on. A blind man live, a deaf and dumb man live, but when you lose your feelings you're dead."

Bundini continually assures Muhammad Ali that he cannot be defeated in the ring or even truly hurt. "I want the champ to relax and never feel that kind of fear we called channel fever at sea and on the stage they call stage fright. But that ain't hard for him. The champ has got no fear. He is full of God."

Although many are still demanding that Muhammad Ali be locked into prison, Bundini hopes for a powerful justice that will set his man free. An omen, in Bundini's eyes, may have been Ali's comeback fight in Atlanta against Jerry Quarry. A platform for the bellicose oratory of the Lester Maddoxes, Atlanta nevertheless became Bundini's favorite U.S. city and a symbol of his hope. "We go into a restaurant in New York, they serve us because it's the law," he says. "In Atlanta they serve us because they want to. A Northern white man speak to you because you're spending money. In Atlanta when a white man speak to you it's from the heart. People in Atlanta would grab our hands and treat us nice. It wasn't no paintbrush!"

Traveling around the world in the Merchant Marine, Bundini says he discovered "this world is a black shirt with a few white buttons." He has often encountered racial attitudes he considers totally baffling. Once, in Houston, he and a white friend went to a Mexican tavern. The Tex-Mex waitress shook a finger at them and ordered them to get out. "We no serve you!" she said. They went into the coffee shop of a big hotel where Bundini's was the only black face and were served without comment by a blonde waitress. "Which one was it them Mexicans wouldn't sell a beer to—you or me?" Bundini asked his friend, laughing. "This Texas, I tell you, it's as confusing as real life."

Remembering this incident years later in his hotel room, Bundini was on his feet, laughing again. Someone asked him to compare Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray, the two greatest fighters he has ever seen. "They're different," he said, "like a son and father is different. Sugar Ray was the most glamorous fighter that ever lived. Oh, he live high! During his time the manager and trainer went in the office and sold fighter's flesh by the pound while the fighter sat outside. The black fighter especially had to take orders or get cut down. Sugar Ray said, if you gonna sell me, I'm gonna see the scales. He was the Jackie Robinson of boxing. Sugar Ray is the causing of a fighter getting inside the office and talking for hisself. He's the causing of closed-circuit-TV fights, though nobody give him credit.

"Sugar Ray was the world's greatest fighter, but the champion, Muhammad Ali, have a chance to overcome this. Only Muhammad Ali hasn't been born yet. A boy won the title, and now a man will have to come and prove he is the greatest. When he fight Joe Frazier you will find out, the whole world will find out, Muhammad Ali is the greatest!"

The next evening the entourage was proceeding to Madison Square Garden for the Bonavena fight when Ali, wearing an expensive new overcoat, leaped out of his large black limousine and rushed into the subway, followed madly by Bundini, Angelo Dundee and many others—street people, reporters, random fans and curious souls who had just happened to glance up and see Ali marching along at the head of his delegation.

"This is being free, staying down to earth and nature!" Bundini shouted, descending the grimy steps into the dark tunnel. Ali looked around at the crowd, which had swelled to about 50, and said, "Bo-dini, you got to see that all these people get into the fight free or there won't be no fight." When the train arrived at 34th Street, Ali's crowd converged on the door of the Madison Square Garden employees' entrance and swarmed against folded-arm guards as the voices of Ali and Bundini pierced the general racket. The guards fell back and the people poured in.

As the fight with Bonavena began, Bundini crouched in Ali's corner, rising prominently above the crowd, tilting sideways, head turned as though not looking at events in the ring so much as twisting toward a communing spirit, crooning like an old hound dog sending a mystical message into the forest. "The world is watching you, champ. Go to war!" Bundini would cry. "You the boss! Kill the bull!" A quarter of the way through the fight, after Ali had used part of a round to mock Bonavena's style, Bundini jumped into the ring to meet his man long before Ali reached the corner. "Stop that! Stop that clowning! Box like Sugar Ray! Get vicious!" he pleaded. Angelo Dundee stepped in, working fast, talking quietly. Bundini is apt to get out of control in the corner, his feelings driving him into displays that sometimes embarrass Dundee or even Ali. Bundini admits he cannot tidily wrap himself up when his man is fighting. "When a volcano go off you are gonna have some noise," he says.

In the 15th round a short left hook ripped Bonavena's head backward as if a bomb had exploded in his face, and he went down without looking for a place to fall. Arising, he was immediately knocked down again and then again, and the heavyweight championship match between Ali and Joe Frazier became a real thing.

In the ring, while Bonavena blinked and cleared his head and scores of people climbed out of the night to try to wrestle through the ropes to reach the fighters, Muhammad Ali and Bundini embraced. Their cheeks pressed together. Bundini was weeping. "The world will know," Bundini said. "The whole world will know." **END**

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Yacht with a Taste for Haste

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TED LODIGENSKY

A rare turn of speed is the particular enticement of an exciting new yacht, "Envoy," which can fit a major cruise into a leisurely long winter weekend

by CARLETON MITCHELL

The sky of early morning was pale lemon yellow, and the Gulf Stream lay flat. Already the buildings of Miami Beach had dropped below the rim of the horizon. Our wake etched a long path astern, almost like the vapor trail of a jet, as flying fish skittered nervously from under the bow.

Perched on the bridge of the *Envoy*, I felt a slight sensation of unreality. We had cast off from the Palm Bay Club after a swim, had breakfasted on leaving Biscayne Bay, and now Bimini was a low smudge to starboard. A few minutes more and we had come onto the Great Bahama Bank. Once again I was awed by the wonder and beauty of it: a sand plateau of thousands of square miles covered by crystal water, color dictated by the depth and character of the bottom. Involuntarily I pulled back the throttles as North Rock came abeam. After the purple abyss of the Gulf Stream, there didn't seem enough water to float a dinghy, but then reason told me there was at least a fathom under the keel, so off we went again planing over a pastel carpet of greens and blues.

"Come for a long weekend and I'll show you a new dimension in cruising," Dick Bertram had said. "You can't believe what you can do in three or four days with a fast boat, without a sense of hurry. And I promise you'll be comfortable."

Already it seemed an understatement. We had loafed across the Gulf Stream in slightly over two hours, the twin V-12 turbocharged series-71 General Motors diesels muted into the background. Our cruising speed was better than 20 knots, yet the 63-foot fiber-glass hull was capable of 25.5 knots, just under 30 land miles. Withal, *Envoy* provided the amenities of a home afloat—nay, of a luxury penthouse: reverse air conditioning, piped stereo music, valance lights on dimmer switches, an oversized bed in the master stateroom, even a sauna bath. The all-electric galley included a dishwasher, a walk-in larder, a reserve deepfreeze, a washer-dryer for ship's laundry and a dinette seating four. There was a salon for formal entertaining, and a large afterdeck for casual loafing, served by its own bar and ice-cube maker. The lower steering station was snug behind a wraparound safety-glass windshield, while the flying bridge duplicated controls and formed a fair-weather solarium.

But without the ability to go to sea all this would have added up to nothing to impress a sailor. Two weeks before, I had been aboard on a test run when small-craft warnings had been flying for three days. A strong norther blowing against the current of the Gulf Stream was stirring up a witch's caldron. The morning radio forecast predicted seas of eight to 12 feet, bigger than the average yachtsman might encounter in a lifetime. Not another boat was in sight. Sullen graybeards awaited as we cleared the breakwater, but Dick Bertram did not slow below cruising speed. *Envoy* lifted to the first wave, porpoised into the next and kept going, taking aboard nothing more solid than spray.

My thoughts went back 10 years. Then, in almost identical con-

continued



ditions, the 31-foot *Moppie* had roared out of Government Cut to set a new record for the Miami-Nassau course, which I reported in SI (April 25, 1960). A whole new concept was that day introduced to the world of powerboating. Ray Hunt's deep-V hull design, incorporating longitudinal strakes to promote planing and act as spray deflectors, had proved that speed could be combined with offshore ability. *Moppie* could be driven hard into steep head seas, rolled very little in the trough and could track straight before following crests, a situation in which traditional underbodies would go dangerously out of control. Every successful ocean-racing powerboat since has been a modification of the same basic form.

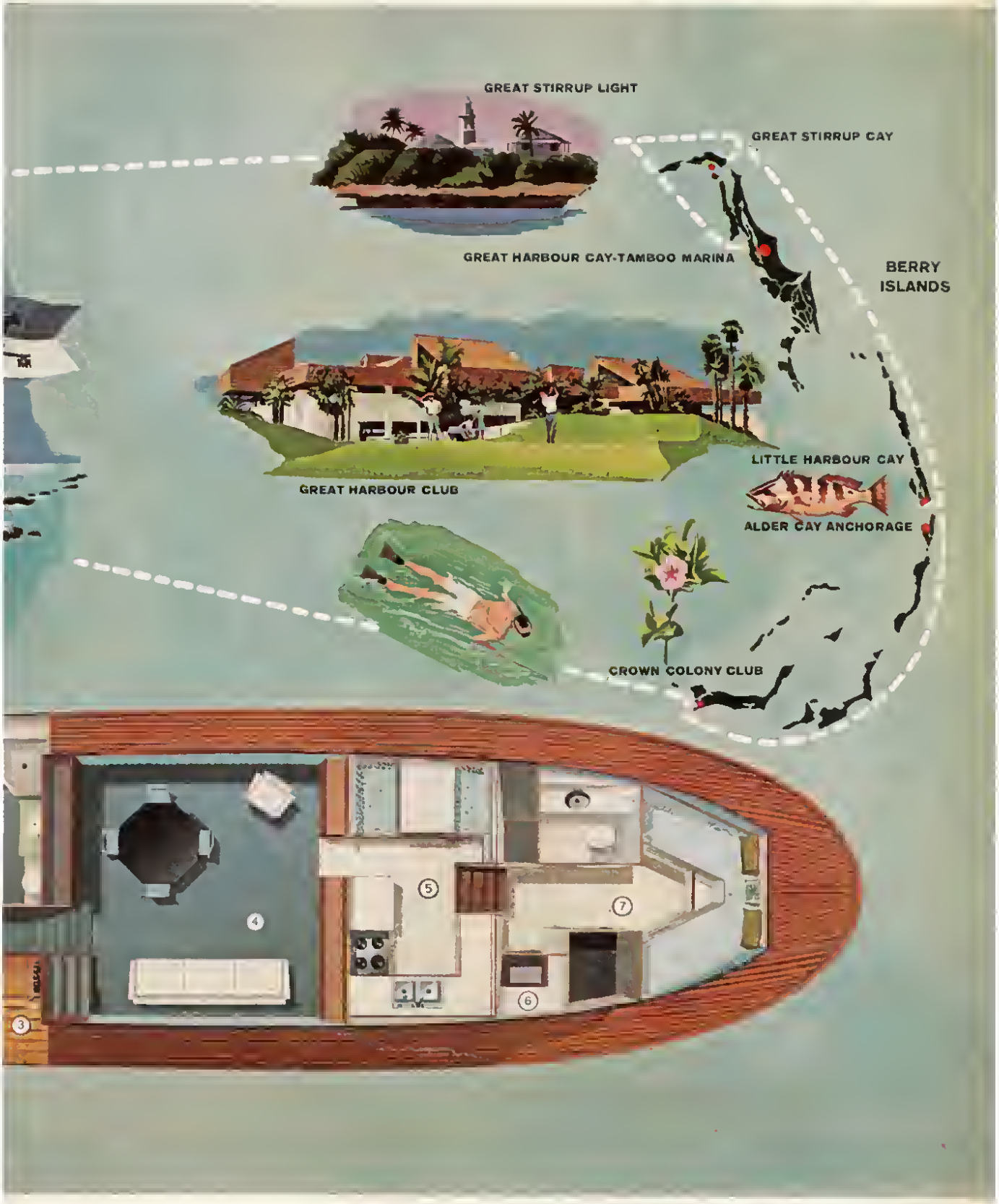
Yet *Moppie* was more than a competitive breakthrough. As Dick Bertram puts it, "After that race, the phone calls, wires and letters started coming. A lot of people wanted boats like *Moppie*, so we turned her into a plug, cast a mold off her and started making copies in fiber glass." As the famed Bertram 31, the basic design has been further tested in waters from Tahiti to the Aegean, serving well as sports fisherman, commuter, tender, patrol boat and just plain family cruiser. The 1,000th identical twin of the prototype hull on which I rode as navigator a decade ago will be launched in April, a unique record in an industry where recently changes have come fast.

Envoy is the culmination of Dick Bertram's goal of incorporating the same characteristics in a larger package. If a new ingredient has been added, it is comfort. Size at sea does not necessarily make for more safety, but it does provide easier riding in normal conditions. Now we sped smoothly over whitecaps kicked up by a freshening breeze, while ahead a cluster of humps appeared on the horizon. Before 3 o'clock Great Stirrup Cay was abeam, a long low islet of gray limestone and sparse vegetation, saved from being drab by palms waving above

continued



Broken lines trace the cruise of "Envoy," whose spacious living accommodations, as revealed in the cutaway, include 1) owner's stateroom 2) guest stateroom 3) sauna 4) main salon 5) galley 6) pantry and 7) crew berths.


GREAT STIRRUP LIGHT
GREAT STIRRUP CAY
GREAT HARBOUR CAY-TAMBOO MARINA
BERRY ISLANDS
GREAT HARBOUR CLUB
LITTLE HARBOUR CAY
ALDER CAY ANCHORAGE
CROWN COLONY CLUB
3
4
5
6
7



crescents of dazzling sand that were lapped by multihued waves. As always, the beauty of the Bahamas stems from the surrounding sea.

Within another few minutes we were over the side and in that water—as clear as the clearest pool, or a mountain stream, or gin in a tumbler—looking through masks at tropic fish iridescent against a backdrop of bizarre coral forms. *Envoy* lay snugly anchored. We had covered the 120 miles from Miami in six hours. Before me a small grouper appeared from behind a rock. I tried to spear him but missed, and Dick missed, too. We swam on, not really caring, rounding a point where the bottom dropped away and depths became shadowy, but saw no big fish until we were almost back to *Envoy*. Then a granddaddy grouper poked his nose out of a cave. We missed again. This time we cared, but the grouper thumbed his fins at us and vanished into a labyrinth of narrow passages.

Back aboard *Envoy* there awaited compensations. As the sun went down a full moon lifted. For a time we were wordless as both sky and sea ran the gamut of color. Ashore the lighthouse winked on, the revolving beam filtered by palm fronds, and tropic night sounds began. It was Great Stirrup Cay as I have known it since first stealing in aboard the venerable *Temptress* as an escapee from higher education—a dropout, in modern parlance—answering an advertisement for hands to man a ketch West Indies bound. Great Stirrup is part of the Bahamas that remains almost as it was before Columbus made his first landfall farther down the archipelago.

Not so Great Harbour Cay, the next major outcropping to the south. (There are roughly 30 largish cays in the Berry Islands, plus lesser ones almost beyond count.) Our day began with a plunge, then a shift of anchorage to a spot Dick had been told teemed with crawfish. We swam over a bottom scoured clean by seas in bad weather, until we came to a trench—actually a fissure in the limestone a foot or so wide and several feet deep—that was a living can of sardines. Margates, grunts, snappers, porgies and other small reef denizens were packed so tightly we could not see if crawfish lurked beneath.

About 9:30 we took off for Great Harbour Cay. The way lay over the Bank. Great Harbour's Tamboo Marina was still so new we did not know what we would find. We discovered buoys, and they led us to an impressive alteration of nature. A canal had been hewn through solid rock into an interior lake. As *Envoy* approached, a bridge swung open and we glided into a harbor that could double as a hurricane hole. Eighty-five concrete slips capable of accommodating yachts of up to 130 feet awaited, complete to electrical connections and fresh water. At the end of the dock stood a commissary stocked with necessities and amenities from Chicago steaks to Chanel perfume, from fishing gear to vintage wines. Across the way a complex of town houses was nearing completion, each with mooring space for a fishing boat, while on the hill behind the marina appeared the beginnings of a Mediterranean village.

We were still trying to catch our breath when we learned that the island already boasts a fine 7,010-yard par-72 golf course, one Jack Nicklaus claims to favor. The guest villas of Great Harbour Club are scattered along the fairways. From the hilltop terrace of the clubhouse we could look across vistas of green grass to the open Atlantic on one side, the pale water of the Bank on the other.

"There is probably $20 million invested on this cay as of now," commented our guide, Barry van Gerbig, president of Tamboo Marina. Barry was formerly the owner of the Oakland Seals, but felt the urge to get away from winter ice. "In addition to what you have seen," he said, "there are 45 miles of roads, a power plant capable of supplying a small town, an airstrip being lengthened to take jets and a deep-well water system—this is one island where there is no shortage of water, which explains the quality of the golf course."

Tamboo Marina and the Great Harbour Club represent another facet of leisure living open to the peripatetic yachtsman. In the Bahamas—like many other parts of the world—facilities undreamed of before World War II are mushrooming everywhere. Thus it is possible to combine the simple with the sophisticated: to picnic on a deserted beach or dine by candlelight, to alternate golf clubs and tennis rackets with the spinning reel and the spear gun, to savor solitude or seek the company of kindred spirits.

So from Great Harbour Cay *Envoy* took us to Little Harbour Cay, not far in distance but a long way in ambience. Piloting by the hue of the water, Dick anchored near a native settlement. We went ashore to find conch shells in mounds, in hillocks, in pyramids. Bahamians not only prize the mollusk as a staple of their diet but credit it with unsurpassed amatory qualities. "Eat plenty conch, cap'n, have plenty chiluns," an Andros islander had told me many years before. But instead of the metropolis such piles of shells might indicate, only a few cottages drowsed under the palms. We walked paths bordered by sisal and sea grape, but the sole evidence of activity was a fisherman working over a battered outboard.

Even this was urban in comparison to Alder Cay anchorage, another mile to the south. There *Envoy* stole into a teacup rimmed by sand, water wholly sheltered except to the east, where surf dashed against a barrier of exposed rock and sunken coral. Dick's son Colin and Artist Ted Lodigensky, ardent anglers both, lost no time in getting lines over the stern and before dinner had caught breakfast. By moonlight, the contrast in water colors was more apparent than at noon. A sandspit gleamed like a silver bar. Small lapping wavelets vanished into thin air as they washed across it. Thanks to *Envoy*, I was renewing my old love affair with the Bahamas. It would be difficult to find a vessel more different from those in which I first explored the archipelago in the '30s, but Dick had been right in saying that a fast boat like *Envoy* opened a new dimension in cruising.

When we got under way the following morning a fresh southeasterly breeze was blowing. Long seas met us as *Envoy* plowed into the ocean. At first they were ahead, but then progressively came abeam as the chain of Berry Islands swung westward. Finally the crests were almost directly astern. *Envoy* surfed down their faces with no desire to deviate from a straight course. The tendency to broach—where the bow buries and the stern is slewed by the following wave—is a common failure of power craft. In a mild form it can mean grinding the wheel hard over to steer, continued

She found a quiet anchorage at Alder Cay, a sand-girt teacup.

in extreme cases a boat can be capsized and overwhelmed. But *Envoy* ran almost hands-off.

The qualities of *Envoy* result from combining the talents of three men whose lives have been bound up in boats and the sea. The hull form originated and was refined in the office of C. Raymond Hunt and Associates of Boston. Ray Hunt has not only fathered a wide range of unconventional, yet successful, vessels but is a renowned racing helmsman. Richard H. Bertram is equally versatile in sail and power. From being in charge of the foredeck of *Vim* in her 1958 bid to defend the America's Cup, he moved into the cockpit of ocean racers like *Finisterre* and *Ondine* and, between stints under canvas, won the World's Offshore Power Boat Racing Championship. The third member of the team contributes a varied background in engineering and construction. William E. Peterson was commissioned as a Navy lieutenant, junior grade, the day after Pearl Harbor, and rose to be 7th Amphibious Force maintenance and supply officer. For having 1,166 ships of a total of 1,166 ready and on line for the invasion of Leyte Gulf, he was awarded the Legion of Merit by both the Navy and Army. Afterward, he became manager and then president of the Camden Shipbuilding Company. Retiring at the age of 57, Pete Peterson began a new career stemming from an admiration of Japanese art and culture. He found himself technical adviser of a yacht yard in Yokosuka. His proudest accolade has been the gift of a hard hat from his employees inscribed, YANKEE, GO HOME—BUT STAY 1000 YEARS FIRST.

Envoy's hull is of fiber glass molded in one piece, bottle smooth, yet her interior is warm through lavish use of a special grade of Burma teak called Hamawood. The sauna bath is lined with Hinoki, a pale Oriental cedar, having the texture of silk. Concealed lighting, gold bathroom fixtures, comfortable chairs, quilted bunk covers, heavy Lucite doors on shower stalls, all contribute an air of opulence—as well may be, because *Envoy*'s price through Bertram International as equipped and decorated is $286,000. Yet the visible luxury is the velvet glove concealing an iron fist. A fine yacht is like a fine gun; it is the hidden quality that counts—and costs. Stainless-steel tie rods bond deck structures to the hull, while extensive longitudinal and transverse framing behind the paneling combines strength with light weight. Engine bearers run the full length of the bottom. Either of two 12-kilowatt generators provides ample electric power, insurance against failure, and all wiring is color-coded with numbered circuits and metered for load, voltage and cycles. The lower control station includes a safety center, with colored lights indicating the condition of various systems. If anything goes amiss, bells will ring, although an incipient fire would be taken care of by an automatic CO_2 system. The generator room is separate from the engine compartment, and both areas embody the latest in sound and temperature insulation engineering. Throughout are such minor but contributing refinements as tinted tempered glass in windows, courtesy lights around the deck for easy boarding at night, aromatic cedar used in drawers and closets and a central vacuum-cleaner system, while rudders and stocks are one-piece bronze castings for maximum strength.

"Our deep-V hull is different because the sections have constant dead rise, meaning they have the same angle to the keel throughout; conventional planing hulls are V'ed only forward, becoming flat aft," explained Bertram as we neared Chub Cay. "Offshore racing has proven that this form is more easily driven once up on the plane, resulting in more speed for the same weight and power. It is drier, too. The smaller V strakes molded into the bottom throw spray out flat to the sides. Yet if forced to slow down, these hulls do well. A 75-footer of the same design on her way from England to the Mediterranean was caught by a whole gale in the Bay of Biscay, a notoriously dangerous place. She rode it out at displacement speeds of five to nine knots, and her crew claimed her motion was easier than a heavy trawler type."

As we turned in at Chub Cay a chance encounter testified to the validity of a Bertram dictum: "When other boats run for cover, these still run with comfort." While we took on fuel, the dockmaster pointed to a cabin cruiser of *Envoy*'s size moored in a slip across the harbor. He told us that she had gone out in the morning, planning to make the run across the Bank to Cat Cay, but had soon come back to shelter "because she was dipping so much water." By contrast, we had been sunbathing.

The Crown Colony Club on Chub Cay was formed to take advantage of the big-game fishing in the Tongue of the Ocean, the aptly named chasm that thrusts far into the Great Bahama Bank. From surrounding depths of only a few feet, precipitous rock walls plunge down more than a mile, forming an enormous basin undisturbed by marine traffic. At the time of our visit the marina was uncrowded, but each year a fishing tournament draws a huge fleet.

Despite the pleas of Colin, who was sure a monster awaited his rod, *Envoy* sped on across the Tongue of the Ocean. The sun set as Northwest Light came abeam, and the water smoothed. While potatoes baked in the oven, Dick set up a portable grill on the afterdeck, and soon steaks were sizzling. Almost before we realized it the harbor at Cat Cay opened over the bow. Cat Cay was the first of the luxury Bahamian island clubs, frequented by the Duke of Windsor and other luminaries of the international prewar propeller set, jets not having been invented, and it was in the Gulf Stream between Cat Cay and neighboring Bimini that modern techniques and equipment for big-game fishing were developed.

For several years Cat Cay had been virtually abandoned, but we came alongside new docks and found everything ashore refurbished. Nowhere in the Bahamas is the vegetation more lush and tropical, or the color of the fringing water more variegated. After breakfast I walked paths peopled by memories, then we dropped the lines and let *Envoy* drift outside the breakwater while we had a final swim. Cirrus was sliding in to veil the sun, and we found the squalls of a developing norther beginning to churn the Gulf Stream. Yet *Envoy* was back in her slip in the Palm Bay Club on schedule, in ample time for my plane to New York. Astern lay some 315 nautical miles covered between Thursday morning and Sunday noon. We had thrown a loop around the Berry Islands. Many unrecorded stops were made to try our luck with hook or spear, or just admire the scenery above or below the surface. Despite our speed under way, there had been no sense of hurry—if anything, the contrary, because we never felt pressed to get on. For those who have the price but not much time, a boat like *Envoy* opens a new dimension not only in cruising but in leisure living. END

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We know of no other high performance car that goes that slow.



PEOPLE



◆

◆ Let's hear it for **Smokey the Bear.** On page 213 of the 1972 federal budget we learn that Smokey is expected to earn $172,000 for the U.S. Treasury next year in fees from private users of his name and image for things like Smokey dolls. Wonderful. That means the rest of us are going to have to cough up only $229,100,828,000.

Those-wedding-bells-are-breaking-up-that-old-team of ours dept.: In a burst of nuptial activity, the following sporting mergers were announced over the last fortnight:

Former Australian Davis Cup Captain **Harry Hopman** was wed to the former **Lucy Pope Fox,** niece of Boston's famous former tennis champion, **Hazel Wightman. Alfredo Millet,** the former Mexican Davis Cup player, took as his bride **Miss Jane Post,** who isn't the former anything, except Jane Post, which seems to be enough. The marriage of 64-year-old Hopman and Mrs. Fox took place quietly in Port Washington, N.Y., but the Post-Millet nuptials were a little splashier. Jane's dad is Troy Post of Dallas, owner of the posh Acapulco resort, Tres Vidas, and Poppa turned the place over for the wedding reception, where guests included Texas oilman **John Hill,** comedian **Alan King** and **Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson.** The former President was resplendent in blue blazer, striped shirt and white tie. As for the wedding couple, the bride wore white and so did the groom—a long-sleeved cutout shirt and white pants, worn with a scarf. Alfredo's outfit may have been D.K. with Jane Post, but it would never have gone over with Emily. Alfredo has been married before.

A bit farther north, bells were ringing for **Patricia Mariles** and **Jorge Mendez.** He is the son of Mexican **General Jorge Mendez Medina,** and she is the daughter of Mexico's former equestrian Olympic champion, **General Humberto Mariles.** In order for the father to give the bride away, they had to hold the wedding in Santa Marta Acatitla Prison, near Mexico City, where General Mariles has been, ah, in residence since 1964. So it wasn't Tres Vidas. The guest list still looked pretty impressive and included Mexico's former president, **Miguel Aleman.**

Actually, the setting wasn't all that grim. Apparently, General Mariles has enjoyed most of the comforts of home during his stay at Santa Marta Acatitla—with one exception. They won't let him do any jumping.

Some of those newlyweds might take a leaf from the book of **Vicki O'Connell,** wife of San Francisco Bay Bombers roller derby player-coach, **Charley O'Connell,** on the fine art of keeping a marriage on the track, so to speak. One of Vicki's big problems is "weirdos." For example, "A few weeks ago a lady came up and shook me for 10 minutes and kept screaming, 'You don't know how lucky you are to be married to Charley O'Connell!' Finally I pulled away from her and said, 'Lady, when he's on the track he's all yours. But when he's home he's mine. I'll sell you one of his dirty socks if you like, but that's all.'"

And, finally, there are the little problems that come with divorce. **Ralph Wilson,** owner of the Buffalo Bills, is parting from his wife Janet. He is slated to hand over the $140,000 family home in Grosse Pointe, Mich., pay attorneys' fees of $350,000 and give Janet $1 million in cash and another $1½ million in 10 yearly installments. That's the largest cash settlement on record in Michigan. Is that why this man is wincing? No. Ralph is wincing because Janet requested, and got, two lifetime 50-yard-line season tickets to all Detroit Lions home games. Ralph doesn't even get custody for two weeks of the exhibition season.

The Anybody-Can-Make-a-Mistake Citation of the Week goes to those wonderfully droll British playing-card people who put out a deck of cards bearing the likenesses of prominent Britons in the shape of hearts, diamonds, etc. **Prime Minister Heath,** for example, appears as the ace of hearts; former Minister of Transport **Barbara Castle,** the two of hearts (Women's Lib is not too big in England); former **Prime Minister Wilson,** the ace of diamonds. Conservative M.P. **Enoch Powell,** Britain's chief advocate of racial exclusion, came out as the ace of clubs, but only after a swift (and embarrassed) reshuffle by the manufacturers, who belatedly realized the implications of his original assignment as the ace of another suit. A chess-set manufacturer who got into the act, however, is reported to have cast Powell as a white knight.

Prince Juan Carlos of Spain, who is very big on sailing, gymnastics, hunting and riding, has eased off on the karate. Juan Carlos, a black belt second class, let this little item slip during a luncheon given in Washington by **Secretary of State Rogers** and his wife. His exact words were that his knuckles "had been cracked" by karate. "So karate broke the royal fingers?" a reporter inquired. "The fingers are not royal," the Prince replied. "They are just fingers." Yeah, well, either way it hurts.

◉ Down below here we have—we have—well, Neptune's answer to the water mattress, Manufacturer Jack O'Neill's inflatable frogman's suit to keep the swimmer warm in the coldest water. That's Denmark's redoubtable Olympic sailing champion, **Paul Elvstrom,** on the right, testing the new device in Vedbaek Harbor. "Fantastic!" Elvstrom announced. "Now I can sail through the whole winter without any risk." Without any risk? Then how come he's carrying a spare?

◉



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UP, UP AND AWAY, Charlie Yelverton gets off shot over UMass' grounded Julius Irving.

Love story on Rose Hill

Practice was over at Rose Hill Gymnasium, where both miracles and movies are made. Brimming with the enthusiasm of unbridled youth, Coach Dick Phelps gathered in a circle the Fordham University basketball team that had just finished drilling on the two things that it does best, the press and the fast break. He asked the players—without a glimmer of embarrassment—"Who's No. 1?" They answered, "Fordham."

It was unreal, as though the cast of *Love Story* were still on location there and Hollywood had everybody in its schmaltzy spell. This was the team that one preseason poll had predicted would finish behind 133 others in the nation. Its starting lineup averaged 6'2" in height, which made it possibly the shortest of the first 134 teams. Its new coaches (Phelps at 29, Assistant Frank McLaughlan at 23) probably comprised the youngest staff among the schools, and its record from last year (10-15) was, to put it nicely, indifferent. So—loud with the music, pan on success—Fordham was 15-1, its one loss being by a point to Temple, and getting ready for the trip to Boston College. Like all other obstacles, that one too was soon out of the way, although not so easily as some. The Rams won in overtime Saturday night 84–80.

"It was a strange game," said BC Coach Chuck Daly. "But then everything goes right for them. They remind me of the UCLA team of 1969. They're so quick, they put great pressure on you. You must match your size with their quickness. They're all good shooters. I believe they'll have difficulty with Notre Dame and Marquette, but they're capable of beating both of them."

Fordham? A team coached by Digger Phelps, the mortician's son who wasn't even a starter at Rider College? "Oh, sure," says Charlie Yelverton, who had 20 points and 10 rebounds against BC and leads the team in both categories for the season despite being only 6'2". "I was shocked to see how much difference a coach can make."

Phelps has brought cohesiveness to Rose Hill, which he approached last spring with the single-minded intention of chipping out a new image from seven blocks of weathered granite. Casting covetous glances toward the school's 50,000 alumni in New York City alone, he embarked on a program of rehabilitation. The male cheering squad became less profane and promised not to get drunk until after each game. Old booster buttons threatening to SPAY THE TERRIERS, DIS-ARM PITT and PICKLE PETER'S PEACOCK were put aside. The dancing girls worked up routines which no longer lulled people to sleep.

But the real work was with the athletes. Playmaking Guard John Burik says, "Coach Phelps has completely changed our spirit. Last year everyone thought we were going to do well, but we started losing and before it was over we had five guys playing one-on-one out there."

Phelps came to Fordham from Pennsylvania, where he served as chief assistant and top recruiter for Dick Harter during the Quakers' four-year rise to national prominence. One of his former players, Guard Dave Wohl, recently advised Phelps' new team, "He made a believer out of me and he can convince you too."

Phelps convinced his team to play defense. "I never could play offense," he says. "In fact, I was always a rah-rah type. When everyone else's hero was Bob Cousy, mine was Jim Loscutoff."

Fordham has already defeated some good teams. It gave Syracuse its first loss after five wins, beat Holy Cross, subdued Massachusetts when it was still undefeated and bested California while taking the Kodak Classic, the first basketball title in the school's history.

"I probably shouldn't even think this," says Phelps, "but if everything else goes well we could be one of the top teams in the country by beating Notre Dame and Marquette. It's incredible isn't it? Before the season started I told the team to win 16 games and we'd go to the NIT. Then our biggest player [6'8" Center Paul Griswold] went out with an injured knee. So I told them to win 20 instead."

Nobody believes the Rams can beat Notre Dame or Marquette, except Burik ("With our style we can beat Notre Dame") and Yelverton ("If we can beat Notre Dame we can beat Marquette").

Even if they don't win either game, they can still rerun *Love Story*. It might seem more realistic after this season.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

EAST Injuries to its two superb guards served only to emphasize how many more guns Pennsylvania has in its arsenal. The unshaken Quakers brushed aside Steve Bilsky's pulled hamstring and made light of Dave Wohl's pulled back muscle as John Koller collected 18 points and Phil Hankinson connected on nine of 12 shots for 20 points against Cornell. With Corky Calhoun shifted to guard and Hankinson at forward, Penn at one stage reeled off 17 straight points. Final score: 79–46 plus one insult from Penn Coach

Dick Harter. "We had a mediocre night," he said. Harter could hardly make that claim the next evening when his team made nonsense of Columbia's delusive title hopes 92–79. Forward Jim Wolf, averaging only 4.2 points a game, dropped in 18, and Bob Morse popped 23.

Syracuse, preempted from regional TV by the astronauts' moon trip, made green cheese out of nationally ranked La Salle. Syracuse offset its own poor shooting in the first half with a 2-3 zone defense that held La Salle to 35 points and a five-point lead. In the second half it spurted ahead 57–47 on rapid-fire bursts from Bill Smith and George Lee. When Ken Durrett led the Explorers back into a 59–59 tie, Orange Coach Roy Danforth coolly stuck with the zone and Smith showed equal self-control when he restrained himself from returning a punch by La Salle's Ron Kennedy. Kennedy was ejected, and Smith and Syracuse went on to win 75–68.

Villanova's Howard Porter celebrated Coach Jack Kraft's 200th career victory, a 99–82 coast past St. John's, by firmly taking a rim in hand, vaulting high over the basket, grabbing a late-game pass and ramming it down through the hoop. Officials looked the other way and Kraft said, "I was watching my guards."

West Virginia beat Pitt by an egg, 95–91. The Mountaineers went ahead to stay on a technical imposed on the Pitt crowd for flinging the egg. For the night, the crowd's production was three eggs, two firecrackers, a head of lettuce, several oranges and one fish.

1. PENN (18-0) 2. DUQUESNE (18-2)

SOUTH "I've never seen anyone play better," Auburn's Bill Lynn said after the massacre. "Never. Nowhere. No time." That was after Kentucky's 114–76 victimization of the perfectly respectable Tigers, an assault in which Rupp's rippers hit 72.2% of their shots in the first half, sank all 11 free throws and blazed to a 63–38 lead. "Nothing we could do could stop them," Lynn raved on. "We tried to zone them, just to see if we could stay with them, and they bombed us right out of the zone." Mississippi, whose last victory over Kentucky came Feb. 11, 1927, knew exactly how he felt. Johnny Neumann scored 46 and the Ole Miss defense held the Wildcats to a 33–32 lead 13 minutes into the first half, but Kentucky romped 121–86. The wins came immediately after Center Mark Soderberg, who quit the team three times before transfering to Utah, blasted Rupp's coaching methods. If this was dissension, maybe the Wildcats needed more of it. Harmonious Tennessee lost to Vanderbilt 65–60 but did beat Mississippi State 88–65.

In the Atlantic Coast Conference, home is where the heart is—and also the liver, kidneys and spleen of the visitors. To go on the road in the ACC is to get one's intestines tangled. It has happened in 23 of 30 games, including Duke's 82–71 slaughter of South Carolina. Duke sophomore Gary Melchionni defended against John Roche beautifully, on one play batting a ball out of his hands, diving to save the ball inbounds and, prostrate, slapping it to Jeff Dawson for a layup. Roche refurbished his image by scoring a league-record 56 points as SC beat Furman 118–83.

North Carolina State ambushed traveling Maryland 71–61 while North Carolina and Virginia, both undefeated at home, stayed that way. The Tar Heels sacked Wake Forest 93–75. Virginia demolished Washington & Lee 92–70 and North Carolina State 79–53.

Western Kentucky eased past Middle Tennessee 87–73, and Jacksonville flattened two more patsies, South Alabama 102–83 and Oklahoma City 103–77.

1. JACKSONVILLE (16-2) 2. N.C. (13-3)

WEST Utah State easily pocketed its 17th win by beating Montana State 98–68, but a weekend battle at Las Cruces with the Aggies of New Mexico State left the Utags upended 93–90 in a game that had the visitors wondering what had hexed them. Utah State shot 67% from the floor and steamrolled New Mexico State's press, but still lost the ball 21 times. "Our turnovers," complained Coach LaDell Andersen "came through careless mistakes in nonpressure situations."

Oregon beat Oregon State twice, 64–62 and 67–57. "We won this game in any manner I can think of, and I don't care what the score was," Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller said after the first one. That will seem untrue in years to come, but Friday night, as the Corvallis team took powerful Oregon down to the last second, it seemed fair. Even though only six points were scored in the last 5½ minutes, State's Freddie Boyd twice tied the score and Oregon's Stan Love had only a second left when he put in Rusty Blair's pass. The Beavers, badly down for the series' second sellout in two nights, got only 57 points on 80 possessions.

"Duquesne's offense looks like a mob of women milling around at a bargain-basement sale," said one West Coast observer, which meant there was no place for the men of Santa Clara and San Francisco. After switching from a zone to man-to-man, Duquesne took Santa Clara apart 84–73 as 6′10″ twins Garry and Barry Nelson led the fast break and Forward Mickey Davis scored 23 points. The Dukes also toyed with USF before winning 90–77, then added their 11th straight, 87–78 over Villanova.

1. UCLA (16-1) 2. USC (18-1)

MIDWEST "No French pastry," said Coach Al McGuire, "just straight-off-the-shoulder basketball when you have the horses," and Marquette squashed two more cream puffs—DePaul 84–55 and Wisconsin 89–75. Gary Brell, who scored a career-high 30 points against Wisconsin, also turned in the play of the game—maybe of the year—after losing his shoe when someone stepped on his heel. He was running downcourt with the shoe in one hand when Bob Lackey, unaware of his problem, threw him a pass. Brell caught the ball, dribbled it, passed to Dean Meminger, put his shoe on, broke for the basket and scored on a return pass.

Kansas almost took Kansas State too casually. Coach Ted Owens arose late the morning of the game, played a paddle ball match—and lost. Kansas partisans sang *Old MacDonald Had A Farm* to the former Kansas Aggies—but failed to note that the State players were so little bothered that they sang along. The Kansas defense held Kansas State to 10 shots in the first 13 minutes—but State hit all 10. Meanwhile, the Purple zone was forcing the Jayhawks outside, where they were helpless. Kansas, leading only 67–64 with 2:59 to go, spurted to five points in eight seconds, and that was the difference in the 79–74 win.

Illinois, rated 15th and fresh from upsetting Notre Dame, mistook the Iowa Hawkeyes for doves and lost 92–84. Iowa's Fred Brown, in 31 minutes, hit 13 of 21 shots and made all 10 of his free throws for 36 points. "Brown is a better shot outside than Austin Carr, a better ball handler and dribbler and decidedly better on defense," Illinois Coach Harv Schmidt said. The Illini rebounded to beat Minnesota 93–78.

Facing Indiana and fast-rising Michigan the same week, Purdue got hammered by the Wolverines 85–69. John Orr's fun-loving wrecking crew of Henry Wilmore & Co. is now 12-4 and the only team undefeated in Big Ten play after snapping Purdue's own seven-game winning streak. Then Michigan barely squeaked past poor Northwestern 82–81. Purdue did manage to beat Indiana 85–81 in its other big game.

Notre Dame unsurprisingly beat Creighton 102–91, and Miami floated to the top of the Mid-American Conference, taking care of Toledo 64–49 and Bowling Green 75–63. Drake handled DePaul 93–80 but lost to Memphis State 73–72.

1. MARQUETTE (18-0) 2. KANSAS (16-1)

Last year's crop of misses is starting to hit

Because they failed to show much as 2-year-olds, no one expected 1971's Triple Crown horses to be anything special. But now a startling number of splendid-looking colts may turn this into a year to remember

To students of 2-year-olds, the 1970 season was about as dramatic as a house call from a cemetery salesman. But now that the same colts are 3 they show promise of turning 1971 into a banner year for thoroughbred racing. The excitement has already begun—at Santa Anita, to some extent, but more so at Hialeah. Even the heritage of this year's crop is awesome: full brothers of Graustark, Dr. Fager, Personality, Dike and Dewan; a half brother of High Echelon; sons of Graustark and Tom Rolfe (both, in turn, sons of Ribot), Bold Lad, Never Bend, Hail to Reason, Round Table and The Axe II.

Currently considered the best is a bay colt named Hoist the Flag, who, like the star he is, has not yet come onstage. Owned by Jane and Steve Clark, he was the only really outstanding 2-year-old last season, when he won all four of his starts. That is, he crossed the finish line first in all four starts. In his final race, the one-mile Champagne Stakes at Belmont, he finished three lengths ahead of Brookmeade Stables' Limit to Reason (whom he had beaten soundly earlier in the seven-furlong Cowdin). But, then, to the surprise of nearly everyone who later watched the patrol film, he was disqualified and placed last. Trainer Sidney Watters packed it in for the season and took the colt home to do a little repair work on his shins. Now the two of them are in the piney woods of Camden, S.C., working toward an early March day at Aqueduct when the champion pro tem will make his first 1971 start. Until then, no matter what the other horses do in California and Florida—or in Maryland and Pennsylvania, for that matter—Hoist the Flag will remain the winter-book favorite for the Kentucky Derby.

This does not mean that the others are not clearly demonstrating that there will be more good 3-year-olds challenging Hoist the Flag than there were 2-year-olds last fall. At Hialeah, Peter Kissel's Executioner won the six-furlong Hibiscus late in January, and last week the seven-furlong Bahamas was won by Ralph Wilson's Jim French. At Santa Anita two weeks ago Mrs. Johnny Longden's Diplomatic Agent won the seven-furlong San Vicente, one of several preps for the Santa Anita Derby on April 3, although it is still too early to tell if Diplomatic Agent—who is by Envoy, an unraced son of Bold Ruler—is the one to watch in California. The best of the lot there might be a filly with the formful name of Turkish Trousers. Naturally she is by Bagdad. Charlie Whittingham, who trains her for Howard Keck, has nominated her for the Santa Anita Derby. "It's pretty wide open," says Whittingham. "I haven't seen much of any account yet, except Turkish Trousers."

Of these, the one who looks most like a stayer able to handle the mile-and-a-quarter Derby route is Jim French, by Graustark out of a Tom Fool mare. He is named for a groom who cared for him when he was being trained by Frank Wright. Now he is being handled by Johnny Campo, the leading trainer in New York last season with 101 victories. Campo likes to run his stock often. If Jim French, who had 12 starts in 1970 and has already raced three times this year—all in stakes—can stand up to the program mapped out for him (five more stakes races before Derby Day), he is indeed a durable one. In the Hibiscus, which Executioner won, Jim French got away badly and did well to finish a fast-closing fourth. After that race Campo said bluntly, "He'll win the Bahamas next time out." And win it he did, although not without the benefit of bad luck that struck one of his relatives. Horses don't go around calling one an-



AFTER NEAR FALL, HIS MAJESTY (NO. 2, ON RAIL) MAKES RUN AT JIM FRENCH

other uncle, but uncle is what His Majesty, a full brother to Graustark, is to Jim French, Graustark's son.

It has been five years since Graustark and Buckpasser came to Hialeah as brilliant 3-year-olds to carve up the money between them and prepare for a summit meeting at Churchill Downs. Neither made it to the Derby (won that year by Kauai King), but so great was the interest in the magnificent-looking Graustark that it is only natural for some of that excitement to be regenerated by his son and his full brother.

Last November, His Majesty finished second in the slop at Aqueduct in his first start, and two weeks later he won by five lengths. At Hialeah, just half an hour before the Hibiscus, he easily won a six-furlong allowance race. The Bahamas, in which he went against far more seasoned and experienced horses, was his first stakes race, but the public showed its affection and confidence by sending him off a slight favorite over Jim French. The public might have had a winner, too, had not misfortune struck.

Jockey Braulio Baeza had His Majesty fourth going into the far turn, but he was on the rail and the boys up front were not about to open a hole for him. Suddenly Baeza found himself even tighter against the rail, another horse brushed His Majesty and the colt nicked a rail post with his left foreleg. He nearly went down, but Baeza stayed on him, pulled His Majesty up from an almost kneeling position and looked around to find that the race had all but passed him by.

Jim French, who had come from dead last, was making the big run that carried him to victory. His Majesty somehow regained running momentum and courageously set off after the leaders. This time he did get through on the inside in the stretch, but it was too late. Jim French won by a head over Twist the Axe, a long shot who was ranging up on the outside. His Majesty was third, half a length back. The next meeting of this bunch, which could be in the Everglades at a mile and an eighth on Feb. 17, will be well worth seeing. Twist the Axe, who, like Executioner, is a son of The Axe II, may like a distance.

After Hoist the Flag, the best 2-year-olds last season were Limit to Reason and Paul Mellon's Run the Gantlet. The former, by Hail to Reason, won four of 11 starts, including that gift victory in the Champagne. Run the Gantlet, another son of Tom Rolfe, won two of seven, and one of the two victories was in the Garden State, in which he beat Executioner a head. (Limit to Reason, who drew the 14th post position and then had to take the long way home, was seventh in that race but only a little more than three lengths behind the winner.) Both these colts are at Hialeah, although their trainers are in no mood to rush them. "I gave Limit to Reason a month off after the Garden State," says Trainer Tommy Kelly, "and I'll bring him along real cautiously. It's been a long time since I had a good 3-year-old and I want to win one of the big ones. You don't usually do that by pressing too much at this time of the year."

No one knows that better than Elliott Burch (Sword Dancer, Bowl of Flowers, Quadrangle, Arts and Letters, Fort Marcy), who trains Run the Gantlet and, among others, a son of Needles called Sewickley who looks, says Burch, "like he'll run all day." Winning the Garden State is considered a jinx, but Burch doesn't seem to mind. "Run the Gantlet will come along slowly," he says. "If he shows he's ready, we'll try to get him to the Wood Memorial before making any decision about the Derby."

Another at Hialeah who knows a thing or two about handling young thoroughbreds is John Jacobs; in the space of three weeks last spring he became one of the few trainers ever to win two Triple Crown races in the same year with different colts. Jacobs' Preakness winner, Personality, has a full brother named Your Excellency, and the Belmont winner, High Echelon, has a half brother named Epic Journey, both 3-year-olds. In addition Jacobs has a price-tag colt named Kinsman Prince who is developing nicely. "They're all good prospects," he says. "With any luck one of them will hit. But it's a long season, and I'm in no hurry to find out which one—if any."

One of the jovial faces around Hialeah belongs to Trainer Reggie Cornell—has anyone forgotten his Silky Sullivan?—who now has the Calumet string. Among his colts is a chestnut named Bold and Able, a son of Bold Lad out of the wonderful Calumet race mare Real Delight. Bold and Able was fourth in his only 1970 start, but he won his first two this winter at Hialeah, and he might get to the Everglades and Flamingo. "This is a tough and willing colt," says Cornell. "I believe that when a 3-year-old is ready to run, run him—that is, if you don't have to press him. I won't decide about the Everglades until I see how he is right at that moment. But if he skips that one and the Flamingo, there's always the Florida Derby."



JUBILANT Jockey Cordero hugs Trainer Campo after winning on Jim French

The possible emergence of Bold and Able as a Derby prospect raises the question of what Calumet's owner, Mrs. Lucille Markey, would decide to do with him. After the 1968 Derby, in which her Forward Pass finished second to Dancer's Image and was then involved in the controversy over which of the two was to be awarded first-place money, Mrs. Markey said she would never race in Kentucky again. In Hialeah a few days ago she set the record straight.

"I never said I wouldn't *ever* race again in Kentucky," she declared. "I said I would not race there until a decision had been made one way or the other, no matter which way it went for Forward Pass." She paused. "But if Bold and Able looked as though he could win it, it would be hard to keep him out, wouldn't it?" **END**

ARCHERY / *Herman Weiskopf*

The big little gizmo imbroglio

The major question left unanswered by the $20,000 U.S. Open Indoor Archery Tournament, which was held in Las Vegas last month, was whether the shootout had been awfully perfect or perfectly awful. That there was an abundance of perfection was evident from the scores, which were the highest ever. But so many shot so well—there were 30 perfect rounds of 300 points—that the sport is faced with a most unusual dilemma. Is it possible, archers are asking, to be too good?



NEW CHAMPION LANCASTER USES RELEASE

Until recently, a 300 in archery had been a whole lot rarer than a 300 in bowling; in fact, it had never been done. Then, at the 1967 Open, Bob Bitner shot a perfect round and received a $1,000 check from the Archery Lane Operators Association, which had offered this prize to anyone firing a 300 in major competition. In the next two years, four other archers shot 300s and the offer was withdrawn.

And then last year along came mechanical releases. In essence, they are little gizmos that take the place of fingers for holding the bowstring. They also enable almost all archers to shoot more accurately—much more accurately.

Traditionally, professional archers have been a quiet, harmonious group—sort of a bunch of straight arrows. But disputes about whether releases should or should not be allowed have divided the sport into wrangling factions.

Fumes Victor Berger of Springfield, Ohio, the world's No. 1 pro the past two years: "We have had warm friendships in this sport, but they are cooling fast. I have been called many names, but what hurts most is that the sport I love is being destroyed by a gimmick."

"Releases are the greatest thing ever to hit archery," says Mike Elott, who owns an archery "college" outside Atlanta. "Thousands of people quit each year because of target panic, but with a release they can overcome this. You've got to keep people from dropping out if the sport is going to grow."

A middle view is held by Frank Pearson of Palmyra, N.J., one of Berger's chief rivals. "I feel guilty about using a release," he says, "but I've got to. I'm psyched out if I don't. Last year I had a 298 league average without a release and then I came to Vegas and saw other guys using them and I couldn't hit a thing."

Perhaps the whole furor can be blamed on Genghis Khan, who was the granddaddy of archery in the Orient, where releases were first used 1,000 years ago. They were called thumb horns then and there was no flap about their legality, possibly because no one was offering $1,000 for a perfect round.

Basically, the function of ancient thumb horns and modern releases is to hold the bowstring. There are a number of advantages to be derived from this seemingly insignificant factor. A release enables a shooter to concentrate on aiming without worrying about letting go of the string, which is eased off ever so gently by manipulating the release. In addition, it eliminates flinching—also known as target panic or freezing—which comes from fretting about when and how to let go of the string, and which has done in millions of archers; no matter how smoothly an archer lets go, there is always a momentary hang-up between fingertips and string that translates into oscillation and deflection of the arrow. With a release, the string slips off all at once.

According to the rules of archery, releases can have no more than one moving part, but they may be made out of anything and they are—metal, leather, nylon, tape, string, even nails.

There are three main types. With one, the bowstring is held by a lip or hook; when the release is gently twisted the arrow is triggered. Another release functions on the same principle but with the bowstring fitted into a groove. The third consists of a cylinder that holds a nylon cord; the cord fits around the bowstring and is kept in place by pressing the thumb against the inside of the index finger. To release the arrow, all you do is let go of the cord.

One archer who competed in the Open had such faith in the efficacy of his release that he wore it while playing a slot machine on the Strip. On his first pull he got a $12 payoff.

These gadgets were nothing more than ancient history until a few years ago when Dale Halter, a California archer, thought that some type of release might make him a better shooter. Halter's scores improved and soon other West Coast archers were experimenting with the devices.

Still, no one really knew what Halter had wrought until last year's Open. As expected, Berger was the winner in the men's pro class. He shot a 300 and a 299 in the two rounds of championship competition and his 599 broke the world record by two points. Berger was ecstatic, but his elation was tempered by the knowledge that archers who had been shooting 250s in the past had shot in the 290s, and they were all West Coast men using releases. The once-impossible 300 had also been achieved six other times in the tournament—four of them by archers using releases.

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At the end of the first day of shooting in this year's Open 10 men had fired 300s, putting all 60 arrows in the white five-ring. Berger had shot what would normally be an excellent 297 and was in a 24-way tie for 41st place. Called the White Knight because he outfits himself completely in white while shooting, including his bows and arrows, Berger did his best to remain calm. In smoldering English—he came to the U.S. from Germany in 1956—he roared, "We have not a tournament. We have something ridiculous."

Pat Norris, a lanes proprietor from Alameda, Calif., disagreed. During a tournament held at his place early last month there were three perfect rounds, each by release-shooters. "Usually people leave as soon as they can if they don't have a chance to win," he said, "but we had a shootoff and a hundred people lined up outside my lanes to watch."

Another supporter of releases is Doug Easton, president of Easton Aluminum, Inc. of Van Nuys, Calif., the nation's largest arrow manufacturer. "The purpose of archery is to hit the target and with a release people can now do this," Easton explained.

Easton's son, Jim, took exception. "With releases," he said, "archery has a negative scoring system: miss one shot and you're out of contention."

Those in accord with Jim Easton and Vic Berger spoke about the preponderance of tournaments now decided by kissoffs. Alas, a kissoff is not as stimulating as it sounds. At least not in archery, where it simply refers to arrows that would have gone in the five-ring had they not glanced off arrows already grouped in the three-inch circle.

One of those in favor of releases was Jack Lancaster, a tech sergeant stationed at the Air Force Academy. "Without a release, I wouldn't even be competing here," said Lancaster, who had shot a 300 on the first day. "The best I ever shot without a release was 285. To progress, archery has to draw public interest. This can be done if people know they will see good shooting. Other sports have progressed. Look what the fiberglass pole did for pole-vaulting."

Purists countered by pointing out that archery *has* progressed with the advent of such innovations as intricate sights, exotic bows and stabilizers. They felt, though, that releases should be declared illegal because they are the first device that actually removed the archer from contact with the string.



FORMER CHAMPION BERGER SAYS RELEASE IS "DESTROYING THE SPORT I LOVE"

Perhaps the most unusual of the 534 archers competing in Las Vegas was Denise Libby of Rancho Cordova, Calif., the women's professional champion. She shoots interchangeably with fingers or release. "The mental approach to archery is not that hard to understand," she said, "and I can see why some people feel they can't shoot without a release. It's like with a Sandy Koufax or a Bob Gibson or any pitcher who has a pitch that can blow a batter's mind—a pitch they can't hit. A Koufax throws that pitch and the batter can't touch it. Another pitcher who is not a Koufax may throw a pitch just as good but the batter hits it because he's not psyched out. In archery, I think there are about 25 men who could shoot 300 with their fingers, but Victor Berger's on the line with them and he blows their mind."

As in most archery competitions, the final round paired the best shooters against each other. It was the sort of head-to-head pressure that was supposed to cause archers to buckle, but the 10 men with perfect rounds kept on hitting for nearly an hour. Attrition came only by way of Jim Easton's "negative scoring": one by one, archers would barely miss the five-ring. Finally, it came down to Lancaster and Billy Mills of Phoenix.

The 5′ 10″, 140-pound Lancaster agonized through each shot and stared intently at the floor as he awaited his next try. Mills, who is 6′ 3″, 245, preferred to spend much of his time between shots rubbing his watermelon-size stomach. Both needed just five more arrows in the spot (archers never call it a bull's-eye) to wrap up the first-ever 600s. Lancaster got his. Seconds later the ponderous Mills got his.

It was time for a sudden-death shootoff, the first one to miss getting second-place money of $1,000, the winner picking up $2,000. After nine arrows Mills put one out and it was finally over.

Neither had been at the Open last year. Mills has been shooting only 16 months and Lancaster didn't discover releases until last August.

"Today I felt more like crying than shooting," said Berger, who finished in a tie for 39th place.

Listening to both sides was Dave Staples, president of the Professional Archers Association, who announced the formation of a committee to decide the issue once and for all. "We've got a problem," he said in the understatement of the year. "Should we outlaw releases or shouldn't we? What's best for the sport is what we want, but how do you weigh it? Sure, it's good to have more people come into the sport and shoot well. But are we going to destroy ourselves by having too many good shooters? Another factor is boredom. Some guys have shot hundreds of 300s and you have to wonder if, after they've shot a thousand, they're just going to get bored and quit." **END**



Nineteen-year-old Evonne Goolagong may have a few years to go before wearing the Wimbledon crown, but she is already heir apparent to reigning Australian tennis queen Margaret Court

Another champion comes in from the Outback

Among the spectators who take time out to sit over strawberries and cream on the tea lawn at Wimbledon three or four summers hence, there will surely arise amid the gentle buzz of tennis talk the question of just when the competitive career of the great Evonne Goolagong truly began. You may as well have the answer ready. The day was Monday, Feb. 1, 1971, the scene was the finals of the Victorian Championship in Melbourne, and the loser was Grand Slam champ Margaret Court. A few months before her loss, Mrs. Court had said, "I think, at last, I have found an Australian to take my place." The place-taking seems to be coming more quickly than anyone seriously anticipated.

Nineteen-year-old Evonne Goolagong is in the Australian tradition of sports celebrities: in from the Outback, hard times, self-reliance, a sheepshearer's daughter and all that. She is also—like boxer Lionel Rose—an aborigine, which makes her success all the more noteworthy.

It is said that Goolagong, in the Australian native language, means "trees by quiet waters," but Evonne comes from Barellan in the sweltering wheatlands west of Sydney. Her family lives on the edge of town in a small house surrounded by barking dogs, abandoned cars and a profusion of weeds. The outside is bleak, but inside there is a touch of grandeur, for everywhere, stacked on sideboards, standing in glass cabinets, crowding the mantelpiece, are Evonne's cups, medals and trophies, the finest collection in all New South Wales. The prizes keep arriving, almost day by day it seems, though Evonne rarely is able to come home herself anymore.

The Goolagongs moved to Barellan when Evonne was 2 and set up residence in the vacant newspaper office of the *Barellan Leader*. Linda Goolagong, a tall, strong woman who is the mother of eight children, tells of Evonne growing up in that early home: "She never cared for dolls. All she wanted to play with was an old tennis ball. It was her constant companion. She would hold it in her hand and squeeze it all day long. Later she would bounce it and catch it and hit it with a broomstick. She was never without it." It would hardly take Harry Hopkins to guess what that portended. Behind the newspaper office was a tennis court that constituted the local tennis club. By the time Evonne was 5 she was serving as ball girl, and at 6 she was given the first substantial present of her life—that's right, a tennis racket. Six-year-olds waving tennis rackets are not all that common in Barellan, so she soon caught the attention of the tennis club president, a farmer named Bill Kurtzmann, who began giving her pointers. When she was 10 Kurtzmann entered her in a tournament at nearby Narrandera. He took the Goolagongs to the event, but to his consternation found on arriving that it was not a children's contest, as he had believed, but for adults. So what? Evonne won the women's singles anyway.

For the next several years Kurtzmann

traveled up and down the Riverina District of New South Wales taking his protégé to tournament after tournament. Along the line they lost count of her wins, though perhaps a record of sorts could be compiled from Mr. Kurtzmann's scrapbooks. He is now retired and, at 75, keeps busy clipping stories about Evonne's exploits.

In the early 60s Vic Edwards, the coach of Fred Stolle and several other noted Aussie players, made yearly trips through the country holding clinics and looking for young talent. It was not hard to find Evonne, and he had her come to Sydney for intensive coaching for a few weeks each summer. Her fares and her board were paid by the local townspeople. When she was 14 Edwards asked her to move to Sydney permanently and live with his family. "We left everything to Mr. Edwards," says her father, Kenny Goolagong. "We still do. We know that whatever he decides will be in Evonne's best interests."

The Goolagongs rarely venture into Evonne's new world. Their background is completely rural—Kenny ranks as an expert sheepshearer, handling 130 animals a day—and their aborigine blood raises the problems of discrimination. They have never seen their daughter play in a major tournament.

Evonne, constantly queried about her race by reporters, was for a long while very sensitive about it. During one interview she told an English newsman that if he asked any more questions about her color she would "point the bone at him." This is an aboriginal whammy; if the assembled tribe points the bone at a man, he will die. It seems an effective way to end a press interview.

After her European tour last year Evonne was less severe about the racial issue. "I feel more mature about these things now," she said on her return, and when she was recently invited to tour South Africa, she announced, "As long as I am treated like any tennis player in any part of the world, then South Africa will not worry me."

No doubt that is true, for she has a superb temperament. Few things ruffle her. Her defeats, when they come, seem to be caused more by a lack of concentration than a flawed technique. Aware of this, Edwards continues to drill her with unusual discipline and intensity. His current concern is that she get up to the net quicker and sharpen her forehand volley.

The full strength of the Goolagong game was displayed last week in Melbourne. Margaret Court had won the Victorian Championship seven times and once again had advanced to the final. However, Evonne's semifinal match against Winnie Shaw of Britain was interrupted by rain with the score one set apiece. The next morning only a handful of people dotted the tiered, green stands that rise around Kooyong's center court when the two girls returned to conclude the match. Evonne, who is a stocky 5 feet 5, has always been a slow starter, in part because she is an overaggressive player. She goes for killing shots from the start, attempting to win a point with each swing, and often her daring volleys and ground strokes do not immediately come off. But Monday morning she put the British girl away, winning 4 6, 6–2, 6 2. As it turned out, the early set warmed her up for the final against Mrs. Court, which was just 85 minutes later.

Margaret Court was aware she was in for a tussle. She remarked, "When Evonne has nothing to lose, she plays better, especially if she is playing against myself or Virginia Wade or Françoise Durr. She often seems to struggle against players her own age."

From the very beginning of the final match Evonne was in high gear. At no stage did she hesitate to go for winners, even when she was in the most desperate position. Time after time she appeared hopelessly off balance, but would save herself with tremendous backhand volleys and fine passing shots. The game scores were close, 7–6, 7–6, with both sets being decided by tie breakers, but throughout the match Evonne outplayed Mrs. Court. She deserved her victory.

Strangely, the Australian press took the win quietly, almost as though it was expected. Evonne and Edwards reacted much the same way, accepting the win impassively. In the postmatch interviews Edwards insisted that Evonne would not be ready for Wimbledon until 1974. (Last year was her first attempt, and she was eliminated in the second round.) But Australia is preparing for a new women's tennis champion a lot sooner than that. Margaret Court has said she will retire at the end of 1971. In the meantime, she says, "I want to help Evonne in the next 12 months and play as much as possible with her." Last December the two teamed up to win the Federation Cup in Perth and next month they will travel to South Africa together. One thing is certain, Margaret Court will teach her teen-age friend a thing or two—on one side of the net or the other. ENO



EVONNE RELAXES AT HOME ON ONE OF HER INFREQUENT INTERLUDES FROM TENNIS

Olympian snafu at Sniktau

When Denver set out to snare the 1976 Wintar Games, it picked a site that now seems to be deficient in several elements—including snow

For the record, things began to get a bit tense in Denver last May, after the home-town Olympic committee returned from Amsterdam with the big prize: the 1976 Winter Games. This is what Denver wanted; there was a period bathed in the sweet aura of success, congratulations were passed all around and civic pride was duly saluted. But now, nine months later and five years before the Olympics, things are in a marvelous mess.

It all involves the Continental Divide, that bumpy range of mountains that forms America's backbone. The good skiing and settings, the fabulous snow for which Colorado is famous—the conditions perfect for a super Olympics—are on the western slopes of the divide. Denver, unfortunately, is on the eastern slope, where residents have been known to pick wild flowers in February.

And now, beset on all sides by criticism, the Denver Organizing Committee faces the embarrassment of: 1) manufacturing snow for the downhill racers, 2) maybe cutting eight-foot gaps in private backyard fences for cross-country skiers, 3) bulldozing an entire hillside for jumpers, 4) packing throngs of spectators into tiny locations and 5) teaching everybody how to pronounce Sniktau (it is snick-taw).

This situation arose because the International Olympic Committee thought of Colorado in terms of places like Aspen, Vail, Winter Park and Steamboat Springs. And the Denver committee, full of understandable eagerness to get the Games, obviously did not stress the part about the Great Divide. Now, back home, they are definitely catching hell about it.

To land the Winter Games, Denver had to promise the IOC that it would stage all events within a 45-minute drive from the Olympic Village at Denver University. The presentation showing this layout was nothing if not amateurish. Denver proposed Mt. Sniktau as the prime Alpine site, 50 miles out of the city. Sniktau turns out to be a slope known mostly to rock climbers, with a too-narrow base area for parking, a hillside undeveloped because no ski-area developer ever wanted it—and on the east slope of the Rockies. As Pete Wingle, a Denver-based U.S. Forest Service officer, says, "If you and I were going to build ourselves a ski area, we wouldn't put it at Sniktau.

"The mountain's one advantage," he says, "is that it is within 45 minutes of Denver. But the snow cover is not the best, winds can get very bad and there's not going to be much base terrain available for press, spectators or parking." Paul Hauk, another Forest Service officer who helped evaluate the potential sites, warns, "Sniktau has limited future-use potential because it is virtually all expert ski terrain." This is especially bad because the committee would like to save money by letting a private firm develop Sniktau and run it after the Games. One committeeman, Ted Farwell, says, "If there isn't good after-use potential, I think we'd do a lot of soul-searching before developing it for the Olympics."

But the Sniktau snafu is only a starter. The real center of opposition to the Olympics lies in Evergreen, a quiet, manicured, well-to-do suburb surrounded by parkland 20 miles east of Denver. Residents here are shocked at the prospect of having their properties disrupted by the Olympians. For one thing, the Olympic cross-country trails seem to run right through Evergreen's houses and at least one school. Now, Norman Brown, a marketing executive turned Denver Organizing Committee vice-president, says, "Some Evergreen people got turned off when they saw our maps showing trails going through their homes and the Wilmot Elementary School. Actually, the trails are only eight feet wide and don't go through any buildings—just backyards and the Wilmot schoolyard. Some people would have to let us put gaps in their fences."

The Evergreen people are so furious over the proposal that they have formed a vociferous group called Protect Our Mountain Environment, Inc., and retired law professor and POME Chairman Vance Dittman says, "It's not just that we want to protect the local environment from the bulldozers and parking lots. We're simply convinced that Colorado would be the laughingstock of the world if it tried to stage the Olympic events here in February. Our average daily high that time of year is about 45° and on some days we have weather in the 60s. How can you make and hold snow for a 50-kilometer cross-country course in that kind of climate?"

Well, Committeeman Farwell thinks that maybe 17 million gallons of water daily would provide sufficient snow-making capacity for the Evergreen Nordic courses and ski jumps, biathalon trails, bobsled and luge runs. "We have data that show temperatures during the third week of February generally don't go over freezing until 9 a.m.," he says. "So we should make out all right if we finish the events by 10 a.m."

As if that were not enough, another problem lies in engineering the ski jumps. This would necessitate bulldozing a jump hill and counterslope, rerouting a residential road and laying a concrete outrun across Evergreen's lovely Bear Creek. The idea of putting a wide swath of cement across the meandering stream infuriates the natives even further. Committeeman Norman Brown is a bit uneasy about that. "This plan was drawn by an architect from Chicago. I'm not sure he knew what he was doing," Brown admits.

Despite the fact that the Games are five years away, one immediate result of this uproar is that the Colorado legislature recently put off a request from the committee for a $300,000 supplemental appropriation. State Senator Harry M. Locke, chairman of the assembly's budget committee, says, "We've already given them $475,000 so they could sell Denver to the International Olympic Committee. But they will have to answer a long list of questions

for us before they get any more."

It looks like snow-making would be the only solution for the lower elevations of Sniktau and an absolute embarrassment for a state like Colorado—which is what real snow is all about. As for transportation to the competition sites, the favored approach now calls for banning private cars and ferrying tens of thousands to and from the events via private buses. This move came when it grew clear that Sniktau cannot handle the traffic load and Evergreen flatly does not want to. One plan to use Evergreen Lake as a parking lot for 1,800 cars was killed after someone figured out that they would crack the ice and sink from sight.

Right now many experts feel that the only salvation for the 1976 Winter Games is relocation. Richard Taylor, a competitor at Squaw Valley and now a teacher at Denver's Temple Buell College, says, "It's going to look a little silly when foreign stars come thousands of miles and end up skiing on artificial snow in marginal terrain." And, because of the barrage of criticism, Farwell is scouting new eastern slope locations for the Nordics.

But such critics as Dr. Peter Metzger, president of the Colorado Committee for Environmental Information, are not impressed. "The only real solution," he insists, "is to put the Olympics on the western slope."

Evidencing concern, the Denver Organizing Committee is looking at Copper Mountain, an emerging western slope area, as an alternative. Completion of the long-planned Straight Creek Tunnel under the Continental Divide at Loveland Pass would put Copper Mountain within the required time from Denver. But tunnel construction has been hampered by deficits, small cave-ins and a fire.

Through all this storm the DOC sees its current troubles as a minor setback and points to the support of Governor John Love, Denver Mayor William McNichols and the thousands of townsfolk who have donated $2 each to buy Olympic lapel pins. The committee's Bill Brown says, "All the dissident groups are using us as a whipping boy." Later this year the committee expects to bring a delegation of IOC representatives to town to look at all the alternate sites. And if the IOC does not accept a new site? "Well," says Brown, "I guess Evergreen is just going to have to eat it." **END**



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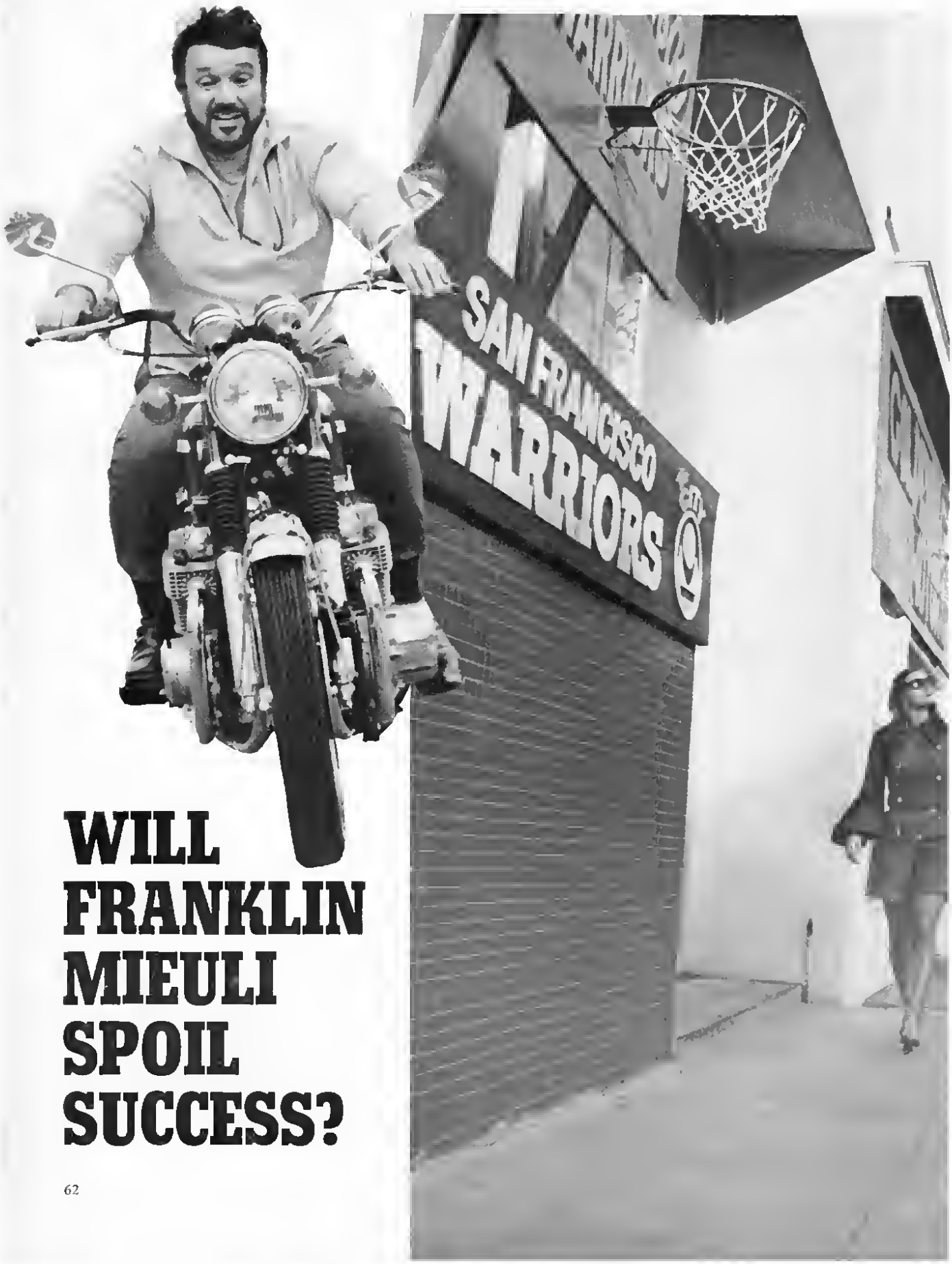
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WILL FRANKLIN MIEULI SPOIL SUCCESS?



Everything was coming up roses for the San Francisco Warriors' owner until he lost Rick Barry to that other basketball league. Now his strange and wonderful world has become, well, simply strange

by FRANK DEFORD

If there can be said to be a genuine tragic hero in the limited world of sport, it is Franklin Mieuli. Until a day almost four years ago when he got on a plane and began a journey back to his family home in Italy, there seemed nothing he could do to escape bounty and good fortune. He had the longest good-luck streak in the history of sports—including a franchise, the San Francisco Warriors, that seemed one of the most gold-plated in pro basketball.

Since then, by contrast, nothing has gone right. He has been caught in a succession of bewildering misfortunes, some of them so original that he seems to have become a kind of involuntary prototype: every time something bad came along, it happened first to Franklin. He made his money and then his name in pro football and television, those dual Golcondas of sports, but now he stands battered and shaken by the excesses wrought by their boom.

In the councils of NBA owners Mieuli is third in seniority only to Ned Irish, the Knicks' sachem of Madison Square Garden, and Fred Zollner of Detroit—a position of seniority comparable to that held by Philip Wrigley in baseball. This fact alone offers more than a little insight into the turbulence that has tossed pro basketball and Mieuli in the last decade. There is no question that for this immigrant gardener's son—popular, unpredictable, loyal, philanthropic—things have moved fast. And yet, curiously, he is a traditionalist. His Warriors have made money only once in the nine years since the team moved West, and last year they dropped a cool $900,000. But Mieuli rails against expansion or merger and the quick easy cash they can bring.

His resistance has infuriated NBA colleagues. Irish stormed out of one league meeting recently while the newer owners cowered before the confrontation. Sam Schulman, the Seattle owner who was the NBA's Dauphin before he signed Spencer Haywood, calls Mieuli "eccentric," and considering the contrast in styles, this is not *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED KAPLAN

surprising. "He's erratic," Schulman says of Mieuli. "I think he acts from emotion rather than logic."

Mieuli, bearded and bizarrely dressed, looks like a madman to the other owners. At their most charitable they dismiss him simply as vindictive and say that he must have been affected by all he has suffered. Or they figure him as a spoilsport or perhaps merely naive. What kind of up-to-date owner is it who won't take the money and run? Mieuli is an irritant, like the tedious guy on the *Titanic* who kept bugging everybody about getting some binoculars up on the bridge.

The day he began his trip to Italy, when everything around Mieuli began to bend out of shape, he owned, obviously, the one great basketball team of the future. The Warriors had lost respectably in the championships that year to the Philadelphia 76ers, but the Philadelphians were an older team. The Warriors had much more before them. In Nate Thurmond and Rick Barry they had both the best young center in the league and the player who was the leading scorer and best young drawing card. They had depth, a good coach, and the city had absolutely taken the Warriors to its heart. The team made money and there was more where that came from. People in San Francisco shook their heads and said that Franklin had done it again—frequently adding, "lucky son of a gun."

Mieuli had heard that refrain before, and he doesn't dispute its truth. For years, he admits, he moved with the style of a leprechaun disguised as a four-leaf clover. It began in 1949 when, despite his family's advice, he opted to leave the Mieuli nursery business in San Jose and get a job in advertising in San Francisco. Before long he wangled a flunky post in the ad department of Burgermeister Brewery, where the ad budget went from $350,000 to $1.5 million in a few years and where Franklin's career tagged right along. "Just by evolution I had to move up," Mieuli says. "Of course it was luck." He also chanced upon a newspaper item about the 49ers being for sale. The clipping was erroneous, but in checking it out Mieuli was led to a meeting with Tony Morabito, the 49ers' owner, and that led to Burgie sponsoring the games, and that led to Mieuli's own TV-radio sports production company, and that led, for a mere $60,000, to a 10% share in the 49ers that turned out eventually to be the collateral that Mieuli put up to gain the controlling interest in the Warriors when the Diners Club, as he puts it, "wanted outski right now" in 1963.

In between, there was more. "Everybody credited me for my clairvoyance at first," Mieuli says. "I didn't know anything. When I majored in journalism at Oregon, there was one paragraph—one paragraph—in the whole textbook on the subject of television. It was all trial and error. I was just always in the right place at the right time." He paused and shrugged, and the stars came out in his eyes. "And people believe in me. I have that faculty."

The Giants moved West, and because Mieuli had established the Golden West Network, which was something with sound effects that re-created major league baseball games, he ended up with the baseball rights, too. "Here again—luck," he says unashamedly. "So I meet all these New York types, and when Mrs. Payson has to sell her stock in the Giants because she's buying the Mets somebody says, 'Hey, how about Franklin?' and I end up with an interest." Approximately the same thing happened a couple of years later when a legman for the Diners Club was dispatched to get some local owners to go in with the credit card company. Gene Autry supplied Mieuli's name, and he came away with a small piece of the action and the production rights. Suddenly this wacky Italian florist from San Jose was the only guy in San Francisco who owned a part of every team in town—and he also had a virtual monopoly on all the sports TV-radio production that came out of the Bay Area. Still, until Mieuli took over the Warriors—really until he traded Wilt Chamberlain early in 1965—nobody knew who he was. Somebody once asked Oscar Levant where he lived. "On the periphery," was the reply. Franklin Mieuli had the same address in those years.

One of his early acquaintances—and still a close friend—was Pete Rozelle. Mieuli would televise 49er games home from Los Angeles and Rams games back to L.A. when they played at Kezar. The two young men thought it was a good idea, with broad possibilities. "I used to see Franklin around when he'd come down to L.A.," Rozelle recalls. "He was actually a lot straighter then than he is now, but he has always done unusual things. I could never understand, for instance, why he kept living in San Jose. That's a long ride into San Francisco. But he still makes the trip every day.

"He's always been the kind of guy—well, he just sort of crops up. He's always been a floater. I'd see Franklin somewhere in L.A. and we'd go out to dinner, and he'd end up staying the night and then he'd be gone. He'd leave his socks and I would get them laundered and mail them back to him in an envelope. He still floats. You're in a group with him and all of a sudden he's disappeared. I guess Franklin just doesn't like emotional goodbys."

Mieuli's more prolonged disappearances have earned him the name of The Phantom. He fades away for two or three days at a clip, and nobody—his wife or his secretary or anybody—is given the slightest clue either when such a seizure will come upon him or where he will vanish to when it does. "I can't tell you anyplace I hide, because then it won't be a secret anymore," he says. "Well, all right, I'll tell you one place, because I haven't gone there recently. This place I used to go to a lot was down in Santa Cruz. I'd visit some Italian fishermen up there, the Carniglia boys, and work with them. I'd put on the outfits, the rubber boots and all. It was very unlikely that anyone would think of looking for Franklin working with the Carniglia boys.

"I'm very judicious about my hiding. Usually, if I'm going to hide, I'll hide someplace where I also have some

continued

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business to take care of. I'm not going to go all the way to Chicago just to hide."

Mieuli has two reasons for hiding. "The first one is that conditions are such that I know I will be asked some very pointed questions—and there is no way for me to answer them without either saying something that is not for the good of the team, or else lie. I don't want to do either, so I take off and hide. The other time is when I'm just over my head and need time to think so that I don't blow the whole banana stand. Those are the kind of days I start thinking about Utopia. Utopia is the day when everything runs your way, only you don't have to run it. When I get to thinking like that, that's the other reason for hiding. I call that my therapeutic escape."

In fact Mieuli devotes a deceptive amount of time to thinking things out. "My image is shoot-from-the-hip, but that's not so if you know me," he says, and all his close associates agree.

"Yeah, Franklin," says Harry Jupiter, his PR man. "Screw-ups that others manage on impulse, you produce after great thought."

"Exactly right," Mieuli says, banging the table, delighted at such an audacious and succinct characterization.

Yet Sam Schulman and others who appraise Mieuli as an emotional flibbertigibbet can hardly be faulted, since Mieuli has—by design, it seems—set out to construct exactly that image for himself. "Make no mistake," says Hank Greenwald, the Warriors' announcer, "Franklin is the one man in the world who works hard at having people underestimate him."

It is not uncommon, for instance, for Mieuli to call someone up and then absently begin the conversation, "Hi. Where are you?" In the Warriors' office there is a special file labeled "Franklin's Follies," chock-full of all the mistakes and harebrained schemes he has championed. He bought a cable-car bell once and rang it madly at Warrior games as if he were some dimwit Mets fan. On another occasion he climbed aboard a motorcycle in the Oakland Arena and rode it across the polished floor while the building guards had apoplexy. Guards are so officious there that they have literally come up to a coach during a time-out huddle and told him to get off the court in his street shoes. Franklin not only rode the motorcycle all over the floor, he crashed it.

When he appears, he usually brings along fruit as a gift—dispensing grapes, oranges, apples or kumquats. He drafted a girl player two years ago—his best draft selection in years. He hung chandeliers in the Cow Palace and he puts on an annual charity black-tie dinner party. Though he prefers escape, he has also been known to affect a complete disguise. A few years ago, when he was trying to duck people, he showed up at a game in a Henry Higgins outfit, cape, hat and all. He topped this off with pink wraparound sunglasses, a fake mustache and sideburns (and this was back when nobody was wearing either). Bob Feerick, the team's general manager, walked up to Mieuli's companion and asked where Franklin was. He keeps a basket and backboard outside the Warriors' office, on busy Golden Gate Avenue, and when things get dull he goes right out on the sidewalk and takes a few shots with whoever happens by.

None of these procedures invest Mieuli with that dreary propriety that owners, and students of owners, believe owners should possess. Until recently, though, these bits were transitory things that his contemporaries learned to tolerate. After all, they put up with owners who get drunk and break things in public and get messy divorces. Franklin's more original peccadilloes were overlooked until he started dressing the role every day.

Mieuli favors wild pullover outfits with angled three-quarter sleeves and attendant accouterments. In the last year or so he has permitted himself to become involved with a coat and tie only rarely. Yet there is no evidence that the new attire has cluttered his mind. "The farther out he gets in things like clothes," says Broadcaster Greenwald, "the more sense he makes in the more important areas."

"I can indulge myself in a few things," Mieuli says. "You know, I could have something like a limousine, but that's not for me." So he bats around San Francisco on a Honda CB 75. "And I just don't happen to like coats and ties." Rozelle takes it in stride. He says: "Franklin tells me he doesn't think he's totally liberated yet." Mieuli is 41, with grown married children and a ball team that runs up a lot of bills—facts that may be slowing the normal liberation process.

Nevertheless, to speed these juices Mieuli grew a full beard this summer when he took off on a 1,300-mile trip to Baja California in his trimaran. Like the clothes, the beard is in concert with the whole man. Swarthy, with dark eyes and olive skin, Mieuli now appears almost biblical and, indeed, his language is full of the visceral imagery of the Old Testament. In what he likes to call "The Strange World of Franklin Mieuli"—in better days it was "The Strange *and Wonderful* World, etc."—the denizens are forever rattling sabers, girding loins, goring our ox, boxing him clever, taking blood oaths, sizzling the steak, going back to the soil and baying at the moon.

They do all these things with more vigor when Mieuli recounts their adventures while he is in his office. Everything about the man is more vivid in his office. He permeates the place. First of all, although he is the boss of the operation, he has an inside office without windows, a dark cave with a primeval atmosphere. Mieuli used to burn incense there regularly, and although that phase has passed, the room is still rich in mystery and confusion. It is all dominated by hands. There is a hand mobile and pictures of hands and sculptures of hands. There is God's hand from the Sistine Chapel, and Michelangelo's hand of David, too, alongside the hand of a member of the Medici family. Mieuli has no convincing explanation why all the hands are there, but it may be significant that nearly all of the hands are fine Italian ones.

There are bottles of wine and whiskey. Italian veals hang in naked disharmony with jars of brandied cherries.

continued

There are plaques and pictures, and the shelves are filled with basketballs and footballs and even more arcane objects. There are portraits of Rudolph Valentino and Albert Einstein displayed prominently. Placed more demurely is a special engraved memento signed by the Warrior wives from a team of a few years ago. The engraving reads simply: "Franklin, your Italian temperament is surpassed by your kindness."

Filed about are newspapers and magazine clippings, and in the corner, by a door, there is a single golden Warrior uniform—No. 24—hanging limp. On the wall opposite, a Christmas card from four years ago is pinned up. It reads:

> The [No. 24] family sends holiday greetings to all.
> Hope this year brings happiness and Everlasting peace,
>
> Blessed with good health
> And good fortune. Time for
> Remembering family and frtends,
> Recalling the memorable times and hoping
> Your Holiday
> Season *will* be a merry and bright one.

San Francisco was a shining never-never land to Franklin Mieuli as a child growing up in San Jose, 40 miles down the peninsula. His mother came from there, and they would often board a train and go to visit his grandparents and sometimes to shop. It was a highly impressionable experience for a child. "It was always 'The City' to us," Mieuli says reverently. (He had the words THE CITY stitched on Warrior uniforms some years ago. It apparently never occurred to him that to a kid growing up in, say, Chester, Pa., Philadelphia was The City and to one reared in Eureka, Mo., St. Louis was The City.)

Although he has lived all his life in San Jose, a young metropolis of slight distinction, Mieuli keeps his trimaran docked beside a San Francisco pier, and nights when he must work late in town he sleeps on the boat. It is the only real home he has ever had in The City; Mieuli perhaps figures that he must avoid full-time contact, that the romance between him and San Francisco would be too volatile as a full-time affair. Nevertheless, his every major action seems based on how it might benefit his favorite metropolis. He wants to give San Francisco something, and if it were in his power to do so, he would give it Rick Barry.

It is easier to understand his obsessive pursuit of Barry if Mieuli is viewed not as the owner of the Warriors but as a deputy keeper of The City's honor. Then the chase is obvious for what it is: a crusade.

It was Mieuli's sense of tradition that was jarred when people started putting sports teams in Oakland and inviting Rick Barry to come over. Oakland, like San Jose or Hayward or Orinda, is only another part of the Bay Area outback to Mieuli. "I just never looked at this as competition between Oakland and San Francisco," he says. "And now San Jose," he adds with some bewilderment. When he was born that community had barely 50,000 people. Today it boasts the 31st largest metropolitan area in the country and before long it will surpass both Seattle and San Francisco in population to become the third largest city on the whole West Coast. Everything is getting upside down. But Mieuli still commutes home to "the country," to San Jose, where the family nursery is a going business. His father bought him out so that Franklin could indulge his city tastes. "My family always believed in the soil, natural things," Mieuli says. "I came to them when I had the chance to buy into the 49ers and they were baffled by the idea. How could I make them understand that I wanted $60,000 to buy 10% of a lot of used jockstraps?"

Ultimately, of course, they agreed, and he obtained the money that eventually brought him control of his own basketball franchise. The first year Mieuli took over the Warriors, 1964, they promptly climbed from next to last to first, and even their plunge back to the cellar the next year took on the glow of Mieulian luck. It gave the Warriors an excuse to unload Wilt Chamberlain, who was not exactly the most popular object in San Francisco, and it provided them with the top draft choices that secured the future. The team began to come back the next year, which made it all the more shocking when Mieuli fired Alex Hannum as coach after the 1966 season.

Hannum was generally recognized as the best coach in basketball, but for Mieuli it was not enough; Hannum would not spend the summer in San Francisco and work with the team. So Hannum, the man who would not stay in The City in the summer, was banished from it. Even today, while Mieuli does not meddle in personnel business, he is reluctant to approve trades because they mean that a player must be exiled from San Francisco.

What criticism he suffered when Hannum was cut loose was quickly dissipated when Mieuli hired Bill Sharman, who won the Western Division championship. Then it all exploded. With his wife and daughter Holly he visited the home of his forefathers, in Costalona, near Florence, in May of 1967. While he was gone the Oakland Oaks of the American Basketball Association reached across the Bay and persuaded Mieuli's prize package, Rick Barry, to sign. Nothing has been the same since.

From the moment he saw Barry play, Mieuli had been taken by him. Quickly he sized up the kid as more of a partner than an employee, and he leased him part of his dream to bring San Francisco its first world championship. Despite all advice and the lessons of history, in only Barry's second (and last) year Mieuli signed him to a contract that featured an escalator clause based on attendance. Mieuli likes to tell the story, because the contract did work, and no matter how often he relates the tale, the word *unique* always keeps popping up. Barry was unique; the deal was unique; the situation was unique; the team was unique; The City, of course, was unique.

Barry jumped to the Oaks shortly after Mieuli returned from Italy, and the question that will always haunt Mieuli is whether he could have stopped Barry if he had been there when the negotiations were going on. Rick's father-in-law, Bruce Hale, had been signed as the Oakland coach, and it is generally accepted that family pressure would have won out whether Mieuli had gone to Europe or the corner cleaners. Mieuli always thought otherwise, and he has chased after Barry fitfully from the moment he crossed the Bay. The pursuit has cost the Warriors about $400,000 in legal fees and court expenses. At one point Barry actually signed with the Warriors again, but the courts kept him from rejoining them. Meanwhile, Barry keeps moving on, from Oakland to Washington to Virginia, and now to the New York Nets on Long Island. Everybody else involved in the Battle of San Francisco Bay—except Mieuli—has also moved on. Pat Boone, the Oaks' owner who signed Barry, is singing for Cooga Mooga Inc. Bruce Hale is back coaching college ball. Hannum, who succeeded him as coach of the Oaks, is coaching at San Diego and Sharman has gone to Utah. Only Mieuli stays, struggling to reorder the past.

Whatever Barry does (and most recently he admitted blithely under oath that he had told outright lies to the press in order to help get his way), Mieuli always seems prepared to forgive. He will not speak harshly of him. "I try to explain the syndrome of the prodigal," he says patiently. Maybe he understands the modern athlete best. Barry is not necessarily less principled than most of his breed, he has just had more opportunities. He is consistent in one thing. Ever since he realized that his deal with the Oaks could not be profitable—he now owns 15% of a hollow corporate shell—he has professed a desire to return to the Warriors.

But even before the courts approved his contract with the Nets he had put his house up for sale and moved East. The New York Knicks hardly waited for the ink to dry on Barry's contract before opening negotiations with the Nets to bring them and their new star and the new league into the Garden for some games. When merger talks first began last year Barry was the prime bone of contention. The first two drafts of the merger agreement specified that he was to be returned to the Warriors. In the third draft, as the other ABA owners smelled the loot to be made in a merger, the Barry clause was dropped. Let Mieuli solve his own problems.

In the fiefdoms and franchises that have been gerrymandered out of the sports world in the last decade, there is no room for traditional values. Everything is measured in terms of cash and expediency, and Franklin Mieuli is awash in this world. His fellow owners stick it to him. Perhaps his favorite coach, Bill Sharman, found a loophole in his contract and walked through it to the other league. "That hurt more than I would care to say," Mieuli admits. His beloved Rick left him. A guy he personally probably likes even more, Nate Thurmond, tried to gouge him. Thurmond this year demanded more money than the whole team got only four years ago. Beaming, Mieuli says, "I don't ever want to think of my players as so many pieces of meat. They're my children, and I'm like a proud father. If the other children on the block are getting bicycles I want my children to have bicycles, too. That's the way I felt when I found out that Wilt and Russell were making $100,000 and Nate wasn't. The coach's job is to coach the players; my job is to spoil them."

"Franklin is too good to the players, whether they put out or not," says George Lee, last year's coach, who must know all about that subject. In August, though, in the midst of Thurmond's hold-out, Mieuli took a local columnist aside and put a blast on Thurmond that seemed to shake the Warriors' owner as badly as it did the player. Upon reading his statement the next morning, Mieuli raced to the offices of another newspaper, contrite and bewildered, and tried to explain. Thurmond finally signed for $125,000.

Thurmond has been known to complain, rather like the brother of the original prodigal, that not enough heed has been paid to the sons who stayed home—and certainly he has a valid point. Part of the reason probably stems from the limited visibility—and box office—the Warriors are enjoying around the Bay

continued



Mieuli offers sympathy and advice to Guard Jeff Mullins and Trainer Dick D'Oliva.

Area these days. In a sense, there have been no San Francisco Warriors for the last three years. Oh, they occasionally infringed on the public consciousness when Thurmond got hurt or coaches were changed or Jerry Lucas obtained, and once they led the Lakers 2-0 in a playoff series. Otherwise, their existence has been a formality, confirmed in whispers of the sort usually reserved for discussions of dotty uncles in attics. Nobody in town got particularly exercised, for example, when Mieuli hinted recently that the Warriors might have to start playing half their home games in St. Louis. The City in Missouri, that is.

The trouble is that for so long the Warriors have been dominated by Franklin Mieuli and his futile quest. He is like Holden Caulfield, who said that the one thing he wanted to be in life was the guy in the song who stood and tried to catch people as they came through the rye. Mieuli has been like that, standing in the rye, lunging this way and that as the bodies dash by—and all the bodies are Rick Barry. The incumbent Warriors have too often been forgotten.

The 1970-71 ticket brochure is the most recent example of this whole deteriorating situation. It features a cartoon. There is one character in the cartoon. It is Mieuli. He is labeled only "Franklin." He is well enough known to require no more identification. Franklin is shown washing and hanging up Warrior uniforms. The uniform of the player-coach, Al Attles, is stuck off in the back row in a corner. The two uniforms featured in the foreground with Franklin are those belonging to Barry and Zelmo Beaty—who, like Barry, is the property of the Warriors but a star in the ABA. These are the ticket brochure attractions: an owner and two guys in the other league. It is like the manager of a supermarket standing out on the sidewalk and telling housewives what is not in stock today.

Mieuli has heard the complaint before that he directs too much attention toward himself. He refutes it systematically, if not very convincingly. The truth seems to be that he likes the role and the fans approve. "Sure, the best thing would be if the publicity was devoted solely to the team," he says. "If not the team first, a player on the team. If not a player, the coach. If not the coach, the general manager. If not the general manager, then Franklin. I know the players can put more sizzle in the steak than I can, but if it can't be that way I'm not afraid to use myself in the limelight to get the Warriors publicity."

But if Mieuli's excessive visibility hurts the Warriors, he remains a tremendously popular owner. Other owners who are controversial, like Charlie Finley and Jack Kent Cooke, usually earn the public's enmity. Mieuli, overexposed and outspoken, with a team that doesn't play well or merit much popular support, maintains a very high degree of acceptance. He has a magnificent press that opposed him vigorously only when he fired Hannum. Writers can't fathom his paean to Barry but they accept his aberration because he is altogether decent and trustworthy.

When the recriminations began to simmer out of the Thurmond negotiations, most fans actually appeared to side with the owner. Thurmond, easygoing and genial, was not necessarily singled out as a villain; he just had the misfortune to present his case to public opinion at a time when the acquisitive athlete was becoming a pop villain in America. The response was certainly significant; maybe the tide in sports is beginning to turn.

Actually, the Warriors would appear ready to come back because Mieuli finally seems willing to abandon his sad chase and apply his considerable energies to the club for a change. Even before the latest court decision—which ordered Barry to remain with the ABA and New York—Mieuli swore that he would give up on Barry forever if the decision went against him. He figured that if Barry ever got a taste of New York idolatry he would never come back. "Even I learn," he declares wearily.

His experiences have worn and shaken him but, at the same time, they have stiffened his will. He still does not acknowledge that the Warriors are a kind of extension of his own personality. But where once Mieuli was razzed for being lucky, now he is mourned. The fans know that his fellow owners have denied him and that the town has not supported his team, and now the players are down to stealing the rings off the corpse.

They wonder why he bothers. "Goddammit," he cries out in anguish, "there's a flaw in my image somewhere, that so many people would think that I would ever just put on my hat and walk away." He lowers his head and makes little distraught noises. He mumbles something about overplaying the role of "the suffering virgin." He moves in jerks and starts like some Stanislavsky novice doing his first improvisation. He can't think about anything else. At dinner he looks, alternately, all around the place and down at his glass.

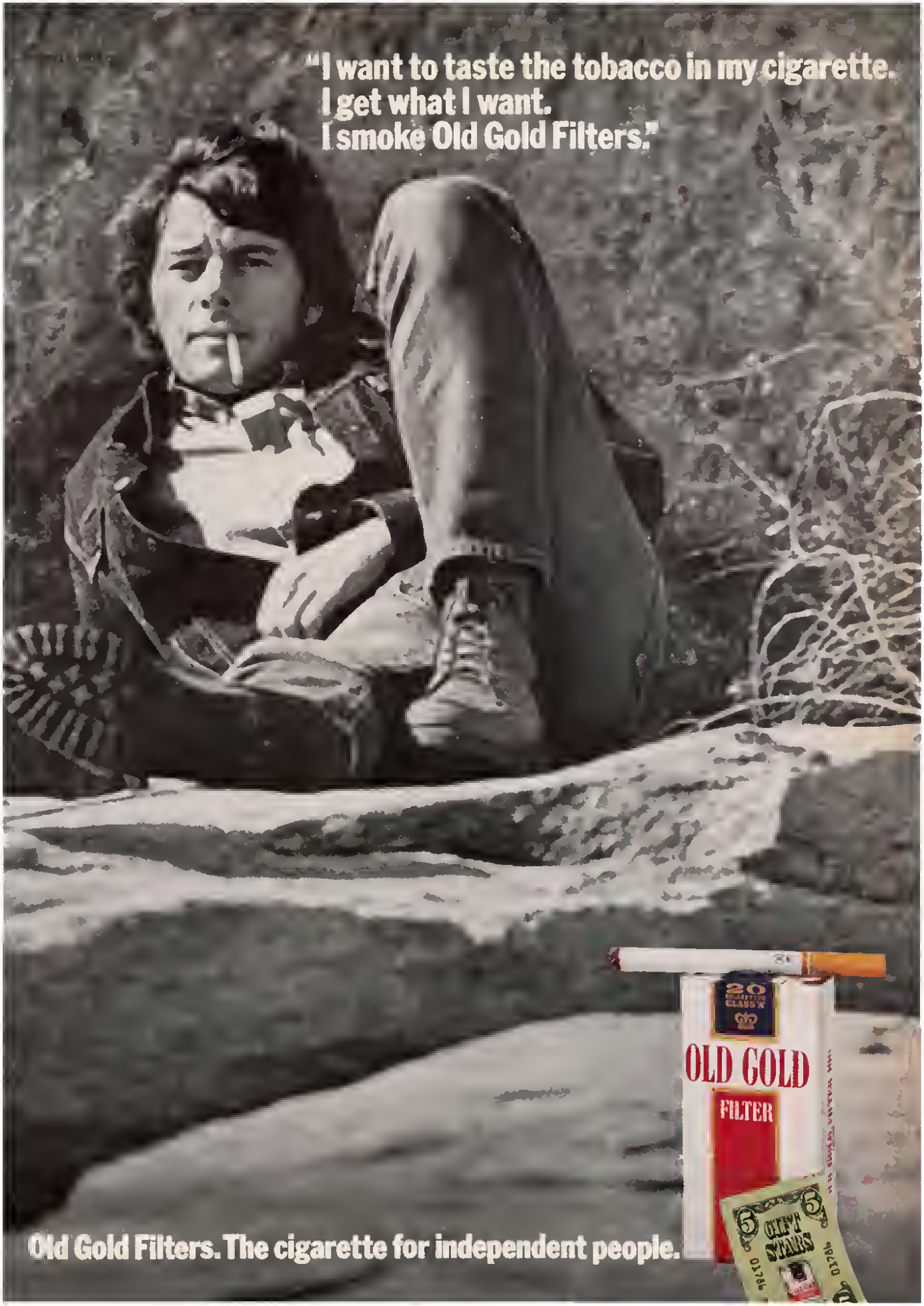
His friends try to get him back. They console him, advise him, tell little stories about other misunderstandings and about success against long odds. Doesn't he understand that people talk to him about these things because he is the one owner in pro sports they really care about? Franklin will have none of it.

"I don't see why everyone I meet thinks this," he says. Distracted, he decides to head for his boat. He will spend the night in his city, The City, and scheme for it. A man who is clever enough to go hide every now and then is certainly too resilient ever to let himself be altogether consumed by the despair of a futile chase.

Perhaps what he needs most is a new quest. It is surely appropriate that his favorite lyrics are those sung by Bloody Mary in *South Pacific*:

"You got to have a dream—
If you don have a dream,
How you gonna have a dream come true?"

Mostly, this is his whole trouble. Nobody Franklin Mieuli works with has any dreams these days. Their basis of operation is deals, while he is a man who goes every day of his life dressed up for dreams. **END**


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2-15

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA: Happy Hairston, Jerry West and Gail Goodrich combined for 70 points to lead the Los Angeles Lakers to a 116–93 win over Milwaukee—their first in three tries. The Lakers, paced by Wilt Chamberlain's 33 points and 27 rebounds, burned Portland 133–120 before crushing San Diego 133–105. Portland did a little trailblazing of its own, embarrassing the Bucks 123–111. In the Midwest Division Chicago caught on like hot pants, trouncing Baltimore 124–102, Cincinnati 131–99, Seattle 118–101, Philadelphia 114–102 and then finishing the week by clipping New York 109–102 as Bob Love scored 40 points. The Knicks bended the Bullets a 125–95 setback before downing Cincinnati 115–108 and falling to Detroit 108–99. In a battle of extremes, Baltimore blew both hot and cold as it defeated Buffalo 98–90. The Bullets roared to a 34–18 lead after one quarter but managed to score only nine points in the second period. Cleveland won over Buffalo for the sixth straight time, 101–91.

ABA: Poor Joe Caldwell spent a game day in the hospital undergoing tests for an injured abdominal muscle before he was rushed to the basketball court to score a healthy 56 points—a club record—and drive the Carolina Cougars to a 156–139 win over Kentucky. Virginia, meanwhile, smugly won all but one of its games. The Squires edged Pittsburgh 126–122, Memphis 114–111 and Florida 138–129, but lost to Utah 127–122. The Stars also fell on Texas 138–117, Kentucky 138–129 and second-place Indiana 120–111, to take a 1½-game lead in the West Division.

BOBSLEDDING—Air Force Sergeant JIM HICKEY piloted his four-man team to victory in the AAU championships at Lake Placid, N.Y. Hickey's sled ran through the 16-curve mile in a combined four-heat time of 4:40.73. Defending champion Paul Lamey finished fourth.

BOWLING—Southpaw LARRY LICHSTEIN, a 21-year-old native of Windsor Locks, Conn., scored five straight strikes to defeat defending champion Dave Davis 234–227 in the finals of the $75,000 Ebonite Open at San Jose, Calif.

FIGURE SKATING—JOHN MISHA PETKEVICH, winner of the U.S. figure skating championships two weeks ago, captured first place in the men's singles of the North American championships at Peterborough, Ontario. Three-time American champ Janet Lynn was upset by KAREN MAGNUSSEN of Vancouver, B.C. in the women's singles. JUDY SCHWOMEYER and JIM SLAOKY of the U.S. took the dance title.

GOLF—TOM SHAW shot a final-round 69 to win the $200,000 Hawaiian Open at Honolulu (*page 20*). The Bing Crosby winner had a 273 total, one stroke ahead of Miller Barber.

GYMNASTICS—At University Park, Pa. the Soviet Union bested the U.S. 151.25 to 148.90. LYUOMILA TURISTCHEVA, the current world all-round champion, led the Russian victory by winning three of four events. CATHY RIGBY, the only American winner, won the balanced beam event. In the men's competition, the U.S. lost 226.55 to 221.95. VICTOR KLIMENKO won the all-round title for the Soviet team with 57.70 points.

HOCKEY—Trades shook the NHL last week. One involved the Philadelphia Flyers, who sent Goalie Bernie Parent and a second-round 1971 draft pick to the Toronto Maple Leafs for Goalie Bruce Gamble, Center Mike Walton and Toronto's first draft choice this year. The Flyers subsequently dealt Walton to the Boston Bruins for Rick MacLeish, the *fourth pick of last year's draft. A more surprising* move was Red Berenson's from St. Louis to Detroit, along with Tim Ecclestone. Detroit gave up Garry Unger and Wayne Connelly. Boston's position in the standings remained unchanged, however, as the Bruins kept their six-point lead over New York in the East Division. After being deadlocked in the cellar with Vancouver, Detroit moved upward a point. Chicago maintained its wide margin over St. Louis in the West Division.

HORSE RACING—In his first start since being purchased from the Harry F. Guggenheim estate by E. E. Gogelson, ACK ACK ($3.80) withstood a strong closing bid by Delaware Chief to win the San Pasqual Handicap at Santa Anita by three-quarters of a length. The 5-year-old covered the 1⅛ miles in 1.41⅗.

In the Quaker Handicap at Liberty Bell in Philadelphia CHOMPION ($4) captured the 1⅛ mile test in 1.54⅕, almost five lengths ahead of Iruzun, who had a staggering 13 lengths over third-place On the Track.

TRUE NORTH ($10.80), the only gelding in a field of 12, won a two-length victory in the $65,700 Seminole Handicap at Hialeah. The 5-year-old son of Northern Dancer ran the mile and an eighth in 1.49⅘. Native Royalty was second.

MOTOR SPORTS—Iggy Katona averaged 152 mph to win the $30,000 Auto Racing Club of America 300 race over a 2.5-mile course at Daytona Beach. Tom Bowsher was second.

SPEED SKATING—NINA STATKEVICH of Russia, who won the European title two weeks ago, won the women's world speed-skating championships at Helsinki (*page 18*). Dianne Holum of the U.S. barely missed a bronze medal in the combined, winning the 1,000 meters and finishing third in the 1,500. Teammate Anne Henning won the 500-meter race and tied for 14th overall.

TENNIS—No, it's not an echo. ROD LAVER continued to dominate the Championship Classic by trouncing an old nemesis, Roger Taylor, in straight sets 6–3, 7–5, 6–2 at Inglewood, Calif. Later in the week he eliminated Tom Okker at Madison Square Garden 6–1, 6–4, 6–3.

TRACK & FIELD—With only three hours sleep after competing in the Maple Leaf Games in Toronto on the previous night, TOM VON RUDEN ran the first sub-four-minute indoor mile in three years as he clocked a 3:59.4 at the Fort Worth Coaches Indoor Games. Jim Crawford set a strong pace and came in second with a creditable 4:01.4. In Seattle KERRY PEARCE of Australia equaled his world record of 8:27.2 in the two-mile run. Pearce, running for the University of Texas-El Paso, actually bettered his own mark by one-tenth of a second, but rules require the times be clocked to the nearest fifth of a second. In Long Beach, Calif. GEORGE FRENN broke the outdoor world record for the 35-pound weight throw by heaving a distance of 72' 3½"—one inch better than the old standard. A Kent State student, AL SCHOTERMAN, broke the NCAA record for the same weight with a toss of 66' 5½" at the Eastern Michigan Invitational Indoor Track Meet. PAT McMAHON, a 28-year-old former Olympian from Ireland, won the World Masters Marathon in two hours, 18 minutes 37.7 seconds at Anaheim, Calif. Five minutes behind the Maynard, Mass schoolteacher was Steve Dean, a junior at Sacramento State.

MILEPOSTS—APPOINTED. A special 10-man committee, to select deserving players from the old Negro League to nonmember status in the Baseball Hall of Fame, by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn.

NAMED. VINCE LOMBARDI, JIM BROWN, Y.A. TITTLE, NORM VAN BROCKLIN, ANDY ROBUSTELLI, FRANK KINARD and BILL HEWITT to the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

DIED. STEPHEN YERKES, 82, the Boston Red Sox second baseman who won fame in the 1912 World Series when he drove in the winning run of the first game against the New York Giants; in Lansdale, Pa.

CREDITS

Cover—Fred Kaplan—Black Star for TIME. 18, 19—John G. Zimmerman. 21—Sheedy & Long. 22—Sheedy & Long. 23—AP. 29—Chariot Trainor, Tony Tomsic. 32, 33—Neil Leifer. 34, 35—Ken Regan—Camera 5. 46—UPI, Pictorial Parade. 48—Wil Blanche. 50—Jim Raftery—Turtotos. 51—John Weither—Miami Herald. 52, 57—John Iacono. 58—West Australian Newspapers, Ltd. 59—Mirror Newspapers. 62–71—Fred Kaplan—Black Star. 75—Donaghey Brown—Wilmington News Journal, Al Connell—Wilmington News Journal.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MIKE USITALO, a freshman hockey player at Michigan Technological University at Houghton, scored three hat tricks in successive games as his team beat Michigan 7–2, Colorado College 8–2 and North Dakota 6–2. In a nine-game stretch he compiled 23 points.



TOM ALCOCK of the Notre Dame High School for Boys at Niles, Ill. has competed in six fencing tournaments of the Amateur Fencers League of America and has gained first places in the last four. The 16-year-old has compiled a 57-3 tournament record.



NEIL BUCKLEY, wrestling coach at The Haverford (Pa.) School, celebrated his 300th career victory against 34 losses and four ties when his squad defeated Owen J. Roberts High of Pottstown 24–22. Buckley's teams have captured the conference title 20 consecutive years.



CAROLYN MaDONALD, 12, of El Cajon, Calif., ran the Southern California Women's Open Marathon in 3:37.4 at San Diego, breaking the previous age-group world record by nine minutes. The seventh-grader won over a field of 10, whose ages ranged up to 34.





Sophomore **TOM HUSSER** (*left*) and freshman **PHIL MELILLO** each scored 52 points to establish a school record while leading Goldey Beacom Junior College of Wilmington, Del. to a 202–82 rout of Allentown (Pa.) Business School. In addition to their scoring outbursts, Husser contributed 11 rebounds and four assists while Melillo had four rebounds and nine assists. The Braves built a 107–37 halftime lead, substituted freely in the second half and, in the words of their coach, "just kept running, shooting and hitting."

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DOMINICAN REVELATIONS

Sirs:

Oh, by gosh, by jingo, let's all go to Santo Domingo (*A New Era for an Old Island*, Feb. 1)! After viewing your excellent picture coverage and particularly your cover girl, Tannia Rubiano, I can see no reason why this Caribbean island should be bypassed in favor of other tourist spots. Would that I could visit this Dominican paradise.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

If the beaches of the Dominican Republic are so private, who needs a top or a bottom? Here was a perfect opportunity to take it all off and, despite your repeated efforts in this direction, you flubbed it!

SI is a good magazine; conservation articles have been excellent. Why, then, do you find it necessary to run these meat exhibits every so often?

MARK STENGEL

St. Meinrad, Ind.

Sirs:

You ought to change your name to ALL ILLUSTRATED. Cancel my son's subscription.

GENE CROWE

Chillicothe, Ohio

Sirs:

"Paradise Regained"? "Hell Regained" would have been a more appropriate title.

MARY D. BRADY

Hagerstown, Md.

Sirs:

The next time you use this type of a cover will you please remove it from my copy of the magazine before mailing it to me.

SISTER LEONARD MARIE

Frackville, Pa.

Sirs:

What's so sporting about naked kids and half-naked women running along the beach? Come on, SI, knock off that stuff and get back to business.

JEFF SATTLER

San Diego

Sirs:

It was a splendid article, and the picture on page 37 of the kids and the model racing along the sand was beautifully symbolic of innocence not yet lost, of inhibition not yet gained. What a pity that in our "advanced" plastic-and-steel culture such pure and natural expression of fun should be frowned upon.

STEVEN WINEINGER

Knoxville, Tenn.

CURT'S CASE

Sirs:

I congratulate you for publishing the fine account by Curt Flood (*My Rebellion*, Feb. 1). Your magazine once again has had the courage to report on the problems existing in sports in this country. It is significant that Flood, a black man, has had the courage to fight the inequity that other stars apparently have found so easy to forget about for a few extra dollars. Right on, Curt. Change that Grand Old Game.

LEONARD A. GLAZER

Coral Gables, Fla.

Sirs:

Sorry, but I'm shedding no tears for Curt Flood. The greatest thing that ever happened to him occurred in 1957 when the Cincinnati club, exercising its right under the much-maligned reserve clause, treated him as an IBM card and traded him to St. Louis, thereby opening the door to his $90,000-a-year peonage. Flood's silence at the time was deafening.

JOHN W. KEARNS

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Curt Flood says, rather resentfully, concerning the evidence for the defense of the reserve clause, "What they meant was that the change might reduce their profits." What is wrong with profits? Baseball is a very competitive sport not only on the playing field but in the office, and tough-minded business methods must be used to make it a success. With no profits there would soon be no owners, and with no owners baseball would degenerate into amateur or semipro status and sandlot conditions. If there is any doubt on this point, take a look at what were once thriving minor leagues.

When a club makes a profit the players feel that they are the ones who have earned it (they may be partially right), and they want to get every cent of it. But this is a one-way street. I have yet to hear of a team voluntarily agreeing to take salary cuts to help a club that is operating at a deficit.

Finally, while they resent the profits made by the owners, the players are not averse to seeking profits as owners of their own outside enterprises. Why are profits right for them but wrong for their employers?

HARRY CANTEY

Kingston, Tenn.

POETIC JUSTICE

Sirs:

Thank you for your beautiful version of what the outcome will be of the Ali-Frazier match (*It's Gonna Be the Champ and the Tramp*, Feb. 1). The poetry on how Ali will win was excellent, and it is good to know that a black man will finally make it to the moon—or somewhere out in space.

CHINESTA SKIPPER

Sopchoppy, Fla.

Sirs:

Muhammad Ali may be a great fighter, but his logic certainly lacks something. Most of his prefight banter consists of comparing his and Frazier's performances against Oscar Bonavena and George Chuvalo. Ali seems intent on convincing someone (probably himself) that on the basis of these performances he should "whup" Joe. However, it seems to me that Frazier became the first man to stop Chuvalo, while poor Muhammad danced with George for 15 rounds.

Only the evening of March 8 will prove who's the champ and who's the tramp.

J. MARC ROSEN

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sirs:

The new stars of *Love Story*—SI and Muhammad Ali. C'mon, many of us are getting sick and tired of seeing the bum!

AALAND CALVERT

Northglenn, Colo.

RYUN'S RETURN

Sirs:

I would like to thank Writer Pat Putnam and Photographers Sheedy and Long for a wonderful article on Jim Ryun's return to competition (*Back in the Running*, Feb. 1). The pictures were great, especially the one of Ryun breaking the string.

STANLEY PAWLOSKI

Bellaire, Ohio

BLACK IS BEST (CONT.)

Sirs:

On the basis of two decades of experience in treating track athletes, I would add two observations to your very fine article, *An Assessment of "Black Is Best"* (Jan. 18).

First, the black athlete is just as much under tension as his white counterpart. I have done blood-pressure studies and found the range prior to competition to be 140/80 to 160/80 in blacks as well as whites. After competition the blood-pressure range was 110/70 to 130/70 in all athletes.

The one great physical difference I have found is in the black athlete's Achilles' tendon. His tendon is very thin and the insertion is high on the heel, whereas in the white athlete it is relatively thick and inserted low on the bone. The black athlete has a greater motion on the ankle, which is advantageous in track.

EMERY SZANTO, M.D.

New York City

continued

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Sirs:

Mr. Kane's article would definitely have to be called a scientific fabrication. The transport of large numbers of blacks from West Africa to the Americas created a new isolated taxonomic group: the genetic constitution of the black population became mixed with that of the indigenous population (an average of 35% white gene admixture). Therefore, what genetic change has occurred may be due to gene flow rather than to other evolutionary effects resulting from natural selection.

While it is not in accordance with the facts to pretend that physical differences do not exist, neither is it correct to suppose that they mark off any population so distinctly that classification can be free from doubtful cases. "Caucasian" and "white" are unsatisfactory terms; this division of mankind includes people from the eastern Mediterranean and northern India who are markedly different in appearance from Scandinavians. The term "Mongolian" covers a wide range of physical types. "Negro" has at least two quite distinct meanings, being sometimes confined to the so-called "true" Negroes of the west coast of Africa and sometimes used much more widely to include the Bantu-speaking peoples of Central and South Africa, as well as Caribbean and American populations whose ancestry includes many who are not African.

The only points about which one can be dogmatic are negative ones. There is no "sure" race. There are no hard and fast lines of division without exceptions and borderline cases. Neither is there a smooth gradation permitting one to arrange populatioos in an ascending and descending scale in respect of racial characteristics; skin color would produce one scale, height another.

Mr. Kaoe's discussion of West African cultures is vague and fragmented, and I would strongly suggest his reviewing the civilizations of West Africa, *e.g.*, those of 1) Ghana, 2) Mali and Mansa Musa, 3) Songhai and Timbuktu and 4) the Moors, before making further categorical statements concerning other civilizations about which he has not thoroughly briefed himself.

I found only two significant factors mentioned in the article which contribute to the success of the black athlete: environment and psychological motivation.

STANLEY B. JOHNSON
Public Health Student
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

I defy you to find a single creditable scientist to uphold the general thesis of your article—that blacks are physically superior to whites as a race. I defy you to get the article published in a journal of any repute in the social or biological sciences.

continued

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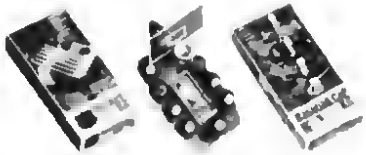
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The major differences between the "races" are cultural and due to variations in life situations here and now. Having just completed a Ph. D. dissertation on the very topics covered in the article, I can say without reservation that not a single one of the causes hypothesized, postulated or stated has any scientific validity or credibility. For the most part they are pure hokum, grounded in ignorance and stereotyped racial thought, sports myths and folklore.

DR. HARRY EDWARDS
Assistant Professor of Sociology
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Martin Kane attempts to build superficial opinion into fact. Blacks do not do well in distance events because traditional restraints prevail there, as they do in the pole vault. I offer isolated but clearly factual evidence to support my contention that blacks can do well in longer distances. Nelson County High School in rural Virginia is about 35% black, and its cross-country team won the state unclassified championship in 1970. The team's six best distance runners are black. This past year three of them finished first, second and fifth in the state meet. Another black athlete at the high school ran a 4.29 mile and a 9:46 two mile while only a freshman. Their coach neglected to tell these outstanding athletes that blacks should stick to the sprints.

JAY WALDRON
Charlottesville, Va.

Sirs:

Your article belongs with those that attempt to explain the preponderance of black singers and musicians. Willie Mays and Walt Frazier are successful athletes for the same reasons Tom Seaver and Bill Bradley are: they were given the opportunity and happened to have a hell of a lot of talent.

EUGENE GLAZER
Kendall Park, N.J.

Sirs:

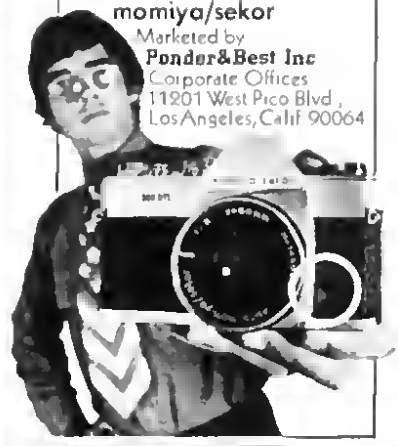
Enclosed you will find a copy of *Swimming World*. I have just finished reading the article on the black athlete and the part that stated no Negro has done really well in swimming. I think the article in *Swimming World* speaks for itself. He is black, he is a national prep school record holder and he is my son (smile).

Andrew Brown is now at Morehouse College, where about five or six weeks ago he broke the pool record.

DAVID A. BROWN, D.D.S.
Utica, N.Y.

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